

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## THE RISING OF JUPITER.

SPLENDIDLY Jupiter's Planet rises over the river,

Jupiter, fabulous god of vanish'd ages and men;

Silence and dusk diffused broad on the far-stretching landscape,

Solemn, shadowy world, past and present in one.

Many a glimmering light is aloft, but noblest to vision

Now, as noblest in rank of our Sun's great children, see,

Over dim waters and woods and hills, in the clear dark night-sky,

Jupiter hangs like a royal diamond, throbbing with flame.

Still in our starry heav'n the Pagan Gods have their station;

Only, in sooth, as words : and what were they ever but words?

Lo, mankind hath fashion'd its thoughts, its hopes, and its dreamings,

Fashion'd and named them thus and thus, by the voice of its bards,

Fashion'd them better or worse, from a shallower insight or deeper,

Names to abide for a season, in many mouths or in few;

Each and all in turn to give place, be it sooner or later.

What is ten thousand years on the mighty Dial of Heav'n?

Nothing endures. O Star! thou hast look'd upon wonderful changes

Here on this Planet of Men; changes unguess'd are to come.

The New Time forgetteth the Old, — remembereth somewhat, a little,

A scheme, a fancy, a form, a word of the poet, a name.

Still, when a grander thought, loftier, deeper and truer,

Springs in the soul and flows into life, it cannot be lost.

That which is gain'd for man is gain'd, we trust so, for ever.

That which is gain'd is gain'd. We ascend, however it be.

Blaze, pure Jewel! Shine, O Witness, pulsing to mortals

Over the gulf of space a message in echoes of light.

Dead generations beheld thee, men unborn shall behold thee,

Multitudes, wise and foolish, — call thee by other worlds.

What was thy title of old, a beacon to wandering shepherds,

Lifted in black-blue vault o'er the wide Chaldean plain?

What is it now, Bright Star, at the Indian huts on the prairie?

What between two pagodas at eve in the Flowery Land?

Roll up the sky, vast Globe! whereunto this other, our dwelling,

Is but the cat to the lion, the stalk of grass to the palm.

Certain to eye and thought, — but a very dream cannot reach thee,

Glimpsing what larger lives may dwell in thy spacious year.

Heed they at all, for their part, our little one-moon'd planet?

Of China, India, or Hellas, or England, what do they know?

How have they named it, the spark our Earth, that we think so much of,

One faint spark among many, with moon too small to be seen?

O great Space—great Spheres!—great Thought in the Mind!—what are ye?

O little lives of men upon earth! — O Planets and Moons!

Wheel'd and whirl'd in the sweep of your measured and marvellous motion,

Smoothly, resistlessly, swung round the strength of the central Orb,

Tremendous furnace of fire — one lamp of the ancient abyss

Of an Infinite Universe lighted with millions of burning suns,

Boundlessly fill'd with electrical palpitant world-forming ether,

Endlessly everywhere moving, concentrating, welling-forth pow'r,

Life into countless shapes drawn upward, mystical spirit

Born, that man — even we — may commune with God Most High.

Fraser's Magazine.

W. A.

## SONNET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY GRACE."

Poon drifted flower, which this unthinking sea Sends where it will, to any passer's foot,

Do memories of sweet earth about thy root Haunt thee? and when the salt spray shudders thee,

Hast thou a thought of dew? and when the light Slopes through thee to the cold unanswering sand,

Do thrills and mockeries of growth expand Thy useless veins? Day moulders into Night

As thou to nothing; but great Morn shall stand And quicken all the unforgetful land

With glory, and the ready sky with bliss, Thou only unconcerned beneath a kiss

Which wakes the world; thou, like a homeless heart,

Movest no more, but diest where thou art!

Good Words.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

## THE ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH NATION.

THREE LECTURES — BY EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

## LECTURE II.

I HAVE thus, in my former lecture, shown who we, the English people, are and whence we came. I have spoken of our old land and of our kinsfolk who still dwell in our old land. As we are not Romans or Britons, so neither are we Germans in the sense which that word commonly conveys to English ears. That is, we are not of High-Dutch blood and speech, but of Low. But we are members of the great Teutonic family; we speak a form of the great Teutonic language, a form essentially the same as that which we find in the earliest monument of Teutonic speech. We are the brethren of the men who covered the Ocean and the Baltic with the fleets of the Hanseatic League; we are the brethren of the men who won the free soil of Holland and Zealand, first from the sea and then from the Spaniard. We are the kinsfolk one degree less near of the men who spread the name of Dane and Northman from the shores of Greenland to the shores of Africa — the men whose axes guarded the New Rome alike against Eastern and Western invaders — the men who fought at Stikkelstad and who fought at Lützen — the men whose lands, fallen indeed from their ancient power, still flourish under a freedom of native growth, and who, like ourselves, can reform without destroying. Such is our origin, such is our pedigree; an origin and a pedigree which we will not exchange for any share in the fabled antiquity of the Briton, for any share in the conquests or the bondage of Imperial Rome.

But, as I said before, if we are Low-Dutchmen, we are Low-Dutchmen with a difference. We are Low-Dutchmen severed from the old stock, planted in a new land, and that land the island which the men of the mainland so long loved to speak of as another world. In a word, we are Englishmen, but we are Englishmen dwelling in Britain. My business now is to show the real nature of that great settlement — the settlement which was of so vast a moment alike to the conquering men and to the conquered land — the settlement which, while it changed Britain into Eng-

land, impressed also on Englishmen all those peculiar characters which mark us as the dwellers in an island realm.

At the time when our forefathers crossed the German Ocean, the whole of Europe was heaving to and fro in the agonies of the greatest convulsion of European history. It was the time when the old world was beginning to pass into the new, when, in every corner of Europe, new elements were being poured into the old mass. It was the time when the Teuton and the Slave were finding themselves lasting homes within the borders of the Roman Empire — the time when Teuton, Slave, and Roman alike had all to struggle for the freedom and the being of Europe against the wasting inroads of Attila and his Turanian hordes. It was, in a word, the time of the Wandering of the Nations. It was the time when our fathers and kinsmen of every branch of the Teutonic race were marching from land to land, winning lands and homes for themselves at the hands of the Roman Cæsars, lands and homes sometimes wrung from them at the point of the sword, sometimes received as the reward of services rendered by Teutonic warriors to the Imperial armies. Everywhere, in short, in Western Europe, the Teuton was settling himself on Roman soil. Of this general migration, this general settlement, the English Conquest of Britain is in a certain sense a part. But the English Conquest of Britain is distinguished by some most marked characteristics from every other Teutonic occupation of Roman soil. Without contrasting our settlement in Britain with the Teutonic settlements on the Continent, the real nature of our settlement and of our whole position and history in this island can never be understood. It is mainly from not contrasting the two that so many utterly mistaken theories as to our early history have got abroad. I must therefore attempt to draw a rough picture of the state of things in other parts of Europe in that age before I come to describe another state of things in what the events of that age made our own island.

At the end of the fourth century, then, the Roman Empire still kept, in name at least, its old position as the mistress of all the nations surrounding the Mediterranean Sea. Egypt was a Roman province at one

end; Britain was a Roman province at the other. The Roman power in Britain had been confirmed and extended by the victories of Theodosius, and the dominion of Cæsar reached from the Ocean to the Euphrates, from the wall of Antoninus to the cataracts of Syêné. Within that range all subjects of the Empire were Romans, entitled to all the rights and honours, if any rights and honours were left, of the Roman name. Latin was everywhere the official language; in the lands west of the Hadriatic it was, save here and there in some out-of-the-way corners, the language of common life. But from the Hadriatic to Mount Taurus, Greek was the mother tongue—the mother tongue both of the lands originally Greek and of the lands which had been more or less thoroughly hellenized, whether by Greek colonization or by Macedonian conquest. Thus far, from the Ocean to Mount Taurus, we may truly say that the whole land had become politically Roman; that it had become intellectually Roman in the western, and Greek in the eastern half. It was only in the lands of the further East, in Syria and in Egypt, that a real nationality survived, and that the dominion, political and intellectual, of Greece and Rome was little more than a varnish on the surface. But with these lands we have now nothing to do; it was not by the Teuton or the Slave, but by the Saracen of a later day that they were finally torn away from the dominion of Cæsar. As yet the whole Mediterranean world was to all appearance Roman, but it was fast becoming Christian. The struggle between the old and the new faith was still going on; but Christianity was already the dominant, and it was plain that it would soon be the exclusive, religion. It was the living, the growing, the advancing faith; paganism remained the creed only of a few speculative philosophers at one end of society and of a few untaught peasants at the other. But it might seem as if the old civilization of the Roman world had received the seeds of Christianity into its bosom only to plant them again in a new stock; it might seem that the mission of Christian Rome was simply to hand on the torch to a race of Christian proselytes whose civilization should be Christian from the beginning.

To all outward sight the world was still Roman, ruled by princes who were still Roman Cæsars, Roman Augusti, who still assumed the titles of the old Roman Commonwealth, and bore the names of Consul and Tribune and Father of their Country. But the local Rome had long ceased to be the centre of the Roman world; and though the Empire was still in theory one, yet the wielders of Imperial power were many. Sometimes the Eastern and Western provinces were peacefully divided between real or adopted brothers; sometimes a daring adventurer, the popular commander of some distant province, seized on as large a portion of the Empire as he could grasp, and constrained the earlier and more lawful holders of power to acknowledge him as an Imperial colleague.

One Cæsar might reign at Milan, another at Constantinople, a third at Paris, a fourth at Antioch. And of all provinces of the Empire none was more fertile than Britain in adventurers of this kind; the Imperial ensigns were often seen in York and London no less than in Milan and Ravenna. And in all this Roman world there was no true nationality anywhere. The Roman Empire was, through all the ages of its being, among all its changes and all its dwelling-places, not a nation, but only a power. It had no real nationality of its own, and it had wiped out well-nigh all signs of earlier nationality in its provinces. The inhabitant of Gaul or Spain called himself a Roman, and gloried in the name. But he had not the old Roman patriotism of the men who first made Gaul and Spain Roman. Neither had he the old Gaulish or Spanish patriotism of the men who strove in vain to hinder Gaul and Spain from becoming Roman. Through the whole length and breadth of the Empire there was a deep feeling of attachment to the Empire as the representative of law and civilization, the bulwark against barbarian invasion. But there was no trace of the burning patriotism which kindled the hearts of the Romans of old when Brennus and Pyrrhus and Hannibal threatened Rome herself. There was, in short, as there always will be where no true national feeling exists, much of passive but little of active loyalty. No province thought of setting up for itself, of forswear-



ing its Roman allegiance, of asserting its earlier nationality, of founding a national commonwealth, or choosing a national King. If a province or several provinces submitted to the separate sway of a successful rebel, it was always needful that he should legalize his power by assuming the titles of Roman sovereignty. The local Emperors — Tyrants as they were called — who reigned in Gaul and Britain, are not national Kings of Gaul or Britain, but sharers in the common sovereignty of the Roman world. But if no province thought of revoking against the Roman dominion, no province was ready to offer any steady patriotic resistance to any invaders of the Roman dominion. The vast field of the Roman Empire stood open for younger and more energetic nations to march in and take possession. And in the course of the fifth century, in all the Latin provinces of the Empire, in Gaul, in Spain, in Africa, in Italy itself, the Teutonic nations did march in and take possession. So they did nearly at the same time in Britain also. But the process by which the English occupied Britain, and the process by which the other Teutonic nations occupied the continental provinces of the Empire, were processes that were poles asunder.

In all the continental provinces of Europe, the Teutonic settlers entered the dominions of the Empire in a two-fold character. They were half conquerors, but they were also half disciples. They had long been familiar with Rome and her civilization. They had long dwelt along the frontiers of the Empire; and, if they sometimes crossed those frontiers as enemies, they also often crossed them as soldiers in the Roman service or as colonists settling with the leave of the Roman authorities. The vast fabric of Roman power and Roman society had a deep influence — one might almost say a sort of fascination — over their minds. Teutonic chiefs, who were for every practical purpose independent Kings, who indeed bore the royal title among their own countrymen, were content to profess themselves subjects of the Empire, and to legalize what was really conquest of Roman territory by receiving some Roman title — Consul perhaps or Patrician — at the hands of the reigning Emperor. The change in their position was gradual; it is hard to say at what moment

in each particular case the Roman general or magistrate, bearing rule in a Roman province by a commission — however unwillingly granted by the Roman Emperor — changed into the independent King, reigning over a kingdom which had become altogether severed from the Roman dominion. For instance, it is commonly said that Odoacer and Theodoric called themselves Kings of Italy; but there is absolutely no authority for the statement. Theodoric was a King, because he was King of his own people, the East-Goths; but he was not King of Italy; his rule in Italy was practically that of an independent monarch; in form he was something between a subject and a colleague of the Roman Emperor who still reigned at Constantinople. The whole fabric of Roman government and Roman society went on. There was still a Roman Senate, a Roman People, Roman Consuls, Roman Patricians. In his statepapers, a vast mass of which are extant, Theodoric — or rather Cassiodorus in his name — carefully abstains from any language which could remind his Italian subjects that their ruler was either a King or a conqueror. And I ought perhaps to add that no vulgar error is more utterly groundless than that which looks on the Goths and other Teutonic settlers as wilful destroyers of Roman buildings or of other works of Roman skill. Far from so doing, they admired, they preserved, and, as far as the decaying art of the time allowed, they imitated them. Theodoric, above all, was the great preserver of the buildings of Rome and Italy, which had begun to fall into decay under the weak administration of the later Emperors.

In Theodoric we no doubt see the fairest aspect of the Teutonic King settled on Roman ground. We are not justified in supposing, indeed our evidence will not allow us to suppose, that the government of every Teutonic prince who settled in Gaul or Spain was equally beneficent, or was carried on with a like regard to the habits, feelings, and prejudices of his Roman subjects. But nowhere was the Teutonic rule a rule of pure destruction. Everywhere, in Europe at least, the conquerors were brought, in a greater or less degree, under the charm of Roman influences. A seizure of lands, greater or smaller, but carried on common-

ly according to a fixed and regular proportion, accompanied the first settlement; but, after this, the Roman inhabitants were not disturbed. They retained their own laws, while the Teutons, or, as they thought it no scorn to call themselves, the Barbarians, retained theirs. Two separate societies, Roman and Teutonic, sat for a while side by side in the same land; gradually the two intermingled, each of course influencing the other in many ways, but with the balance of real and abiding influence decidedly in favour of the Roman.

In the three countries of which I am mainly speaking — Italy, Spain, and Gaul — the proportion between the Roman and Teutonic elements in the formation of the modern nations of those countries naturally differs. The Teutonic element is naturally weakest in Italy and strongest in Gaul. And we must here as ever, make the needful distinction between the two parts of Gaul, a forgetfulness of which has often plunged men's historical ideas into utter confusion. In Northern Gaul — Gaul north of the Loire, France strictly so called — the Franks really settled, and became, not indeed the people, but the ruling class. But in Southern Gaul — in Gaul south of the Loire, in Aquitaine and Burgundy as distinguished from France — the sway of the Franks was at most a lax political dominion, a dominion which was often thrown off altogether. In these provinces, the Teutonic element, such as it is, is not Frankish, but Gothic and Burgundian. It is also far less in degree than it is in Gaul north of the Loire; in truth Aquitaine, and above all Provence, are as really Roman as Spain or Northern Italy.

But allowing for differences in proportion, the elements, Roman and Teutonic, in all these countries are the same, and the respective spheres of the influence of the two elements are the same. I speak of the two elements, Roman and Teutonic. The native elements in Gaul and Spain, the Iberian and Celtic elements which prevailed before the Roman Conquest, are indeed in their own way of great importance. The blood of the people in Gaul and Spain, is beyond doubt, mainly Celtic and Iberian to this day. And there is no doubt that, as the blood remains, so the national character remains also. The Frenchman is still essentially a Celt: the Spaniard is still essentially an Iberian. But long before the Teutonic invasions, the native elements in any outward guise, the use above all of the native languages, had shrunk up into out-of-the-way corners, as in out-of-the-way corners they abide still. The land was throughout Romanized, and it was far more than superfi-

cially Romanized. Government, language, laws, religion, literature, all intellectual life of any kind, all became Roman. The native element survived, but it survived unconsciously: the Celt or the Iberian had come to look upon himself as a Roman and nothing else. Now these great branches of human life, which before the Teutonic invasions were wholly Roman, were after the Teutonic invasions partitioned, as it were, between the Roman and the Teutonic elements. The Teutons had on their side physical force, the power of government, the power of the sword. The political and military institutions of these countries became far more Teutonic than Roman. The chief real exception to this rule is when cities either uninterruptedly retained their Roman municipal constitutions or framed for themselves constitutions of the same kind in after-times. It is an artificial exception when, at a later time, the heritage of the Roman Empire passed to a Teutonic King, and when the new Cæsars strove to step as nearly as might be into the position and authority of their Roman predecessors. It is another artificial exception when the ingenuity of French lawyers disinterred the precepts of the Civil Law, and strove to clothe the Kings of the French, if not with the titles, yet at least with the attributes of Roman Emperors. Setting aside exceptions of this kind, there can be no doubt that the political and military institutions of Spain and Gaul are far more Teutonic than they are Roman. In Italy the case is different; but the strength of the Roman element there is due wholly to the predominant importance of the cities, whose great development however did not begin till ages after the Gothic, and even after the Lombard, conquest. But when we turn to other branches of man's life, which are certainly not less important than those of government and warfare, we shall find that the Roman altogether led captive his Teutonic conqueror. What is the language of Italy, Spain, Aquitaine, and France? I say Aquitaine and France; for in all these inquiries Gaul north and south of the Loire must be looked on as two countries as distinct as either of them is from Spain and Italy. What is the still living speech of all these lands? It is simply Latin. As it is not Celtic or Iberian, so neither is it Teutonic. The Roman taught his speech alike to the earlier inhabitants whom he conquered and to the later who conquered him. The Italian, Spanish, Provençal, and French languages, with other less important tongues of the same family on which I need not now dwell, are all simply dialects, varieties, cor-

ruptions if we please, of the old speech of Rome. Even French, which has changed more than any of the others, is essentially Latin and nothing else. The Celtic element in the French vocabulary is wonderfully small; the Teutonic element is considerably larger. But both are mere infusions; a few Celtic and a few more Teutonic words have crept into a tongue whose whole life and soul, and a vast majority of its actual vocabulary, is essentially Latin. And many of the usages in which French and the sister tongues depart most widely from the classical Latin can easily be shown to be real Latin usages, but usages which were chiefly confined to the colloquial, rustic, vulgar speech, and which are rarely found in the book-Latin of classical times. These languages are, on account of their Roman origin, known to philologists as the Romance languages. They are simply Latin, subject to the changes which a language cannot fail to go through in the space of fourteen hundred years, especially when it becomes the speech of whole nations of whom it is not the mother-tongue. The Romans in the provinces went on speaking such Latin as they had been used to speak; that is, not exactly such Latin as Cicero wrote, or indeed such as they wrote themselves. In Gaul, and still more in Italy, wave after wave of Teutonic immigrants pressed it, but, one after another, all gradually cast away their Teutonic speech, and learned to use instead such forms or corruptions of the speech of Rome as they found in use in the conquered land. Spain and a small part of Southern Gaul had to struggle against another enemy. No new Teutons came after the first settlements, but the Saracen came instead, with a language, a creed, a whole social system, utterly different from anything before known to Celt, Roman, or Teuton. The Saracen came; his sway was long and brilliant; but he is gone, and though he has left his traces on Spanish soil alike in language and in other matters, still he is gone, and Spain remains a Latin-speaking land to this day.

But there is another point, not less important than that of language, and whose history was closely connected with that of language. I mean religion. The Roman inhabitants of the provinces into which the Teutonic conquerors pressed not only taught their conquerors their language; they also taught them their creed. The Teutonic conquests seem indeed to have given the final stroke to the old Roman heathendom, and it is certain that the new immigrants nowhere established their own Teutonic heathendom in any Romanized land. In-

deed, with the exception of the Franks who settled in Northern Gaul, it would not seem that any of the Teutonic nations were still heathen at the time of their settlement within the Empire. Most of them, the Goths pre-eminently, had already embraced Christianity in the days of their wanderings; the Goths, as we should ever remember, had been converted by that Wulfila whose version of the Scriptures I have already spoken of as the oldest monument of Teutonic speech. But this work of conversion was wholly a Roman work; the Teutons were converted by Roman or Romanized captives and missionaries; it was as the religion of Rome, Old and New, that Christianity presented itself to the eyes of those who were the conquerors and at the same time the disciples of Rome. In fact, if we cast our eye over the world and scan the religious history of each part of it, we shall find that Christianity is to this day, in very truth, the religion of the Roman Empire and of those nations which were brought within the range of the influence of Rome. But, as if to make it yet more clear that the conquerors were in every case to adopt the religion of the conquered, it so happened that all or most of the Teutonic nations had embraced Christianity in a shape which did not obtain final acceptance at the hands either of the Old or of the New Rome. It was during the theological controversies of the fourth century that Christianity first became known to the Teutonic nations, and to most of them it first became known in its Arian form. Within the Empire, on the other hand, alike in the East and in the West, the final result of those controversies was the general establishment of the Catholic creed. Thus, in nearly every case where a Teutonic State arose within the borders of the Empire, it happened that religious differences for a while divided the conquerors from the conquered. The Teuton differed from the Roman, not as heathen from Christian, but as heretic from Catholic. The results of this difference were not the same in every land. The great Theodoric was the first of recorded rulers to establish a wise toleration which allowed Catholics, heretics, and even Jews, to worship each one as they would. In Africa, on the other hand, the dominion of the Arian Vandals became a cruel tyranny, a reign of bitter persecution for the Catholic provincials. The Goths in Italy and the Vandals in Africa were, at least as distinct nations with a creed and language of their own, swept away during the wars of Justinian; whatever remnants of them survived must have been lost in the general

mass of orthodox Romans. Elsewhere the invaders, whether heathens or heretics, gradually received the religion of their subjects at the hands of their subjects. In the case of the heathen Franks the process was not even gradual; the first prince who finally established the Frankish power on Gaulish soil was also the first to learn to burn what he had worshipped and to worship what he had burned, the first to bend his flowing locks to receive the unction of the converting and consecrating oil of Rheims. The Arian Goths in Spain, the Lombards, the second Arian conquerors of Italy, came, by a process slower but equally sure, to embrace the orthodox creed of their Roman subjects. As for Southern Gaul, that was the prize which the orthodox Frank, fresh from baptism and still eager for conquest, won from its heretic lords in the first of the crusades that Paris has waged against Toulouse. Thus everywhere in the continental provinces of Rome did the Teutonic conqueror become Christian and Catholic. And they became Christian and Catholic, not at the hands of missionaries from other lands, but at the hands of their own subjects, of the men whom their own swords or the swords of their fathers had overcome. Thus in Italy, Spain, and Gaul, the old Roman ecclesiastical traditions went on without interruption. The succession of Bishop remained unbroken; their thrones still remained placed in the Roman cities where they had been placed from the beginning; the limits of their dioceses were still the same as the limits of the Roman civil divisions at the time when the ecclesiastical organization was first traced out. The old worship went on without change or interruption on the old altars, where priests of Roman birth and speech ministered in the Roman tongue to the Teutonic King and his Teutonic nobles. The clergy retained their power, their wealth, and the influence which sprang alike from their power and wealth and from the higher intellectual culture of the race to which they belonged. Long after the conquest the clergy still remained a Roman body: it is not till a much later time that we find men of barbarian birth and name among the Prelates of the Romanized lands.

Thus, great as was the shock, fearful as must have been the immediate blow, when the Teutons settled in the Roman provinces, yet the older Roman and Christian society lived through it. The Church, Roman and Christian, its creed, its worship, its hierarchy, its geographical divisions, all went on under the Frankish or Gothic King, as if Rheims and Toledo had still been

parts of the dominions of Theodosius or Justinian. The Roman speech still survived; the old names of places, Roman and older than Roman, still remained in use. The vague reverence for the name of Rome, for the sanction of her laws and for the majesty of her Emperors, was never utterly wiped out. There is no gap, no chasm, no break of historical continuity, utterly severing the days of Roman dominion from the days of Teutonic dominion which followed them. There is no intervening period of darkness between two periods of light; there is no time during which contemporary records fail, and for which we have to look to legend and tradition for such help as they can give us. Let us go to one of the old cities of Gaul; let us stand, for instance, on the steep of Le Mans, and behold the traces of well-nigh every age since a time earlier than recorded history. There shall we see circuit within circuit, wall within wall; we shall see the highest point crowned by the Gaulish hill-fort swelling into the earliest Roman enclosure which still bears the name of the *Old Rome*. We see the Roman city outgrowing its earliest boundaries, and girded lower down the hill with a rampart of the days of Constantine or of Cæsars later still. We see the palace of the ancient Counts, growing, as it were, out of the Roman wall, and the fragment which is all that the policy of Richelieu has left of the tower of our own Conqueror. We see the mediæval walls embracing yet a wider circuit, and the modern city spreading itself again far beyond even this wider enclosure. We see the houses, great and small, of every form of architecture from the eleventh century to our own day. And, above all, we see the vast cathedral, the noble though incongruous work of so many ages, the portal which opened to receive the Conqueror, the ruins of the tower which was levelled at the bidding of his son, the soaring apse to make room for which the Roman pomerium itself has had to yield. Thus, on that wondrous group of so many ages we see, written in letters legible enough, that here is a city whose continuous life has never been interrupted, which has gone on as a dwelling-place of man, as a seat of local dominion, from the days of Cæsar, and from the old time before him. Every age save one has left its impress on that ancient city; the works of one period alone are wanting. Older and newer monuments are there in abundance, but no church, no wall, no castle dates from the days immediately following the Frankish conquest. And why? Because the Frank

came not as a destroyer to overthrow the monuments of earlier times, nor yet, like some later conquerors, did he come to leave behind him a marked change in art as one of the visible memorials of his coming. He was contented with what he found in the city of his conquest, and he sought neither to destroy nor to improve. He dwelt in the Roman house; he prayed in the Roman church; his city needed no defence beyond its Roman rampart. It was not till a later age that art struck out new forms for itself, and the works of Roman times gave way to buildings of another style. And even those buildings were for a long time only developments of Roman forms, whose history shows us that the mighty works of the Empire were still the models of their founders. On a site like this, where there is no breach, no gap, where a city has been simply extending its borders during a space of nineteen hundred years, the lack of living monuments of the very age of the conquest simply shows that the conquest was not a conquest of destruction, but that the Roman city, its buildings and its inhabitants alike, lived on unhurt and undisturbed, though its lord was now the Frankish King and not the Roman Cæsar.

I have drawn out this picture at length, because it is only by thoroughly grasping the nature of the Teutonic conquests on the Continent that we can rightly understand the utterly different nature of the Teutonic conquest of our own island. Before I go any further, let me ask you one question, the most obvious, yet the most important, of all. The language of Italy, Gaul, and Spain is, as we have seen, Roman to this day. The speech of those whom the Romans conquered lingers only in obscure corners; the speech of those who conquered the Romans has vanished altogether. But how stands the case in our own island? There is no corner of it in which Latin, or any tongue of Latin origin, is the speech of the people. Every man, from one end of Great Britain to the other, who understands Latin or any tongue derived from Latin, has learned it as a lesson. His mother-tongue is either the speech which was in the land before the Romans came into it, or else the speech which did not come into the land till the Romans had ceased to rule in it. The dominant speech, the speech of the vast majority of the inhabitants of Great Britain, is that very speech which is nowhere the living speech of Italy, Spain, Aquitaine, or France. The dominant speech of Britain is a speech which is still essentially the same as the Teutonic speech which was brought into the land by

its first Teutonic conquerors. That is to say, the speech of the vast majority of the people of Great Britain is English. And wherever English is not spoken, or where it is spoken only as a foreign tongue, the speech of the land is one variety or another of the old Celtic tongue which was here before the Roman Conquest. Welshmen and Highlanders together make up but a small minority of the people of Great Britain. But they make up a minority very much larger in proportion than that minority of the inhabitants of modern France who still cleave to the old Basque and Breton tongues. And if we add Cornwall and those parts of Scotland whence Gaelic has vanished in comparatively modern times, the Celtic portion of Britain becomes by no means inconsiderable. Remember, I speak only of Britain — of England, Wales, and Scotland; with Ireland, which the Romans never occupied, we have nothing to do. In short, the phenomena of Britain with regard to language are exactly the opposite to those of the continental countries. In Britain the predominant language is Teutonic; the exceptional language is Celtic; Latin has no place at all. In Gaul, Spain, and Italy the all but universal language is Latin; the exceptional Celtic and Iberian is of far smaller extent than the exceptional Celtic of Britain; Teutonic has no place at all. Where the phenomena of language are so utterly different, we may fairly expect to find that the nature and circumstances of the Teutonic Conquest of Britain were utterly different from those of any of the Teutonic conquests on the Continent. And the evidences of history will not disappoint us in this expectation.

The fact on which I insisted so strongly in my former lecture, that the English are of Low-Dutch and not of High Dutch origin, is only indirectly connected with the differences which I am about to point out. Many of the Teutonic occupants of the continental lands were also of Low-Dutch origin. First and foremost come the Goths; the Lombards too were probably of Low-Dutch speech, and they were accompanied in their invasion of Italy by a body of Saxons. The way in which the difference between High and Low affects the matter is this. Our conquest was made by sea directly from our old homes in North Germany; the other conquests were made by land by tribes which, at the moment of their conquest, could hardly be said to have any settled homes at all. These two points of difference involved the whole difference between the two kinds of conquest. The Goths, Franks, Lombards, and the rest, wandering



hither and thither on the frontiers of the Empire, sometimes the enemies of Cæsar, sometimes his soldiers, had before their actual settlement gained no small familiarity with the laws, religion, and manners of the Empire. They had learned to appreciate and respect its political, religious, and social system. The position of our forefathers was altogether different. They knew nothing of Rome, and Rome knew nothing of them, till they actually landed on British soil. Their land had never been occupied by a Roman legion, or received the law at the hands of a Roman Proconsul. It had never so much as seen the passage of the Roman eagles, save possibly, ages before, in the momentary incursion of Drusus. They had never served in a Roman army; they had never trembled at the rod of the centurion, or received lands at the hands of Cæsar as the reward of faithful services to the Roman commonwealth. Their brethren, entering the Empire by land, advancing step by step, changing from enemies into allies and from allies into conquerors, had learned to respect the civilization of Rome and to feel themselves raised even by empty honours and titles. Our forefathers, coming straight by sea from their old land, had none of these feelings. They had no respect for a civilization of which they knew nothing. They set no store by titles which, so far as they understood their meaning, would seem to them badges of slavery. They knew nothing of the religion of the Empire; no Christian missionary had reached the Elbe or the Weser; no Christian captive had carried the tidings of salvation to the house of his bondage. In short, while our kinsfolk who occupied the continental provinces were half Romanized before they settled within the borders of the Empire, our own forefathers entered Britain in all the untamed and unsoftened barbarism of the old Teutonic life. They came as simple destroyers. In the course of the fourth century the Saxon pirates became as fearful a scourge to the shores of Roman Britain as their descendants in the sixteenth century became to the Spanish colonists in America. These incursions of the Saxons in the fourth century were the first undoubted appearance of independent Teutons in the Isle of Britain. I see no good ground for believing that any of the inhabitants of Britain before the Roman occupation were of Teutonic origin. But, if it were so, it seems to me that the fact is far from having all the importance which has sometimes been attached to it. If Boadicea and her Iceni were of Teutonic blood, the traces of their original Teutonism could hardly have

been very strong in their descendants in the latter half of the fourth century. They must, long before that time, have been merged in the general mass of the Roman provincials of the island, and they would seem as *Welsh* to the first Saxon buccaneers as the purest Celt among the subjects of Caradoc. That, among the various legions from all parts of the Empire which were quartered in Britain, some consisted of troops levied among men of Teutonic birth, there is no kind of doubt. But it is not easy to see what the fact proves. A few drops of Teutonic blood may in the same way have crept into the veins of the provincials of any other part of the Empire no less than in Britain. And the presence in Britain of legions levied in other quarters may have caused slight infusions of blood from other sources just as readily as from that of the Teuton. The fact at once proves, what nobody ever doubted, that no nation, English, Welsh, or any other, can claim any strict physical and genealogical purity of blood. But the Saxons of the fourth century were undoubtedly the first Teutons who appeared in Britain, not as the subjects or the soldiers, but as the enemies of Rome. They were the vanguard of the later Teutonic occupation of Britain of which our own presence here is the result. You will mark that, at this stage of my story, I say the *Saxons*. I do so, because, in the accounts which we have of these early Teutonic incursions, the Saxons are the only people mentioned. As in every other case of the kind, this mention of a particular tribe by no means proves that no other tribes besides the tribe specially mentioned took part in these incursions. In almost every case of the kind the leading nation brings with it a following of motley origin, a mixed multitude of kindred allies and subjects, and even of mere adventurers who have no special tie of any kind to the leaders of the host. When we read of a Saxon invasion, we need not suppose that every one man in the invading fleet was, strictly speaking, a Saxon. Many may have belonged to Teutonic tribes other than the Saxon; some even may not have been of Teutonic birth at all. What is proved is that the expedition was an expedition in which the life and soul was Saxon, an expedition planned and led by Saxon leaders, and in which at least the great majority of those who followed them were Saxons also. The prominence of the Saxons in these early expeditions is also shown by the fact that the parts of Britain which lay specially open to their incursions, the eastern and south-eastern coasts of the island, were known as the Saxon Shore. A



special Roman officer, bearing the title of the Count of the Saxon Shore, was entrusted with its defence against the invaders. Now this Saxon Shore, this shore which Saxons were in the habit of invading, has often been mistaken for a Saxon shore in the sense of a shore inhabited by Saxons. But this is an exploded error, which, like so many other errors, has been cast to the winds by Dr. Guest. The name itself is the only thing which could have suggested the notion of an earlier Saxon settlement, a notion for which there is no other evidence of any kind. And the name just as naturally bears another meaning. The Saxon Shore is just like the Welsh March, the Breton March, the Spanish March, the march or border of England, France, or any other country against such and such neighbours. The Count of the Saxon Shore held an office exactly analogous to our own Lords Marchers, or to those German Margraves, planted to defend Germany against the Slave and the Magyar, whose offices have so strangely grown up into the great Prussian and Austrian monarchies. An island cannot in strictness have marches or borders, but practically the Saxon shore was the Saxon March, the frontier where Saxon irruptions were to be feared, and where special preparations had to be made for defence against them.

These early Saxon invasions led to no permanent Saxon or other Teutonic settlement in the Isle of Britain. Whether permanent settlement was intended by the Saxon ravagers of Britain in the fourth century we have no direct means of knowing. But the analogy of other invasions of the like sort, especially the analogy of the Danish invasions of England four hundred years later, would lead us to believe that, in the earliest stage of these invasions, plunder alone was thought of, and that the notion of permanent settlement did not arise till afterwards. At all events, if permanent settlement in Britain was designed by any Teutonic tribe in the fourth century, any such designs were effectually baffled. In the whole history of the Roman power, Eastern and Western, nothing is more remarkable than the constant revivals of vigour and of success, which happen often at moments when the Empire seems to lie open to the free entrance of any invader, and when its utter wiping out seems to be at most an affair of a few years sooner or later. So it was in the fourth century. Earlier in that century than the time of which we are now speaking, nearly the whole of Gaul was overrun by Teutonic invaders. The Roman power north of the

Alps seemed to be at its last gasp. But the invaders were driven back by the sword of Julian; the Roman power in Gaul was again firmly established for a couple of generations, and traces of it were enabled to linger on for a couple of generations more. So in Britain, the Picts were pressing in by land, the Saxons were pressing in by sea, the Scots—at once the Scots of Ireland and their colonists in northern Britain—were pressing into the province by land and sea alike. But the destiny of Rome and Cæsar was still too strong for them; the Roman Terminus was not yet fated finally to give way. The strong arm of Theodosius and Stilicho drove back alike Picts, Scots, and Saxons; the Roman province in Britain was again extended from the wall of Hadrian to the wall of Antoninus; and the hope of any successful Teutonic invasion of Britain was put off till the next age. And it is characteristic of the Imperial rule that the two heroes who wrought this great salvation for the decaying Empire were both doomed to pay with their lives the penalty of the greatest of crimes under a despotic government, the crime of being wiser and braver than their sovereign.

The first Teutonic invasions of Britain were thus mere incursions for plunder and havoc, or, if settlement was intended, the design was thwarted by the still abiding strength of the Roman power. But the Saxon inroads of the fourth century were not without their lasting result. They caused the Saxon name to become familiar to the Celtic inhabitants of Britain earlier than the name of any other Teutonic people. By a natural and familiar process the name of the part was applied to the whole, and the Welsh and the Scots both of Ireland and of Britain learned to apply the Saxon name to all Teutons without distinction. The habit was strengthened by the fact, which we shall presently come across, that the first Teutonic invaders both of the present Wales and of the present Cornwall actually were Saxons. From that day to this, though, as soon as the Teutons in Britain had any common name among themselves, that name was Angles or English, they have been, in the mouth of Welshmen, Irishmen, and Highlanders, always spoken of as Saxons. The habit is a curious trace of an almost forgotten piece of history; in Celtic mouths there is not a word to be said against it; but when Englishmen follow the same practice, it only leads to confusion. For when we talk of "Saxons" as a chronological term, we are following no usage at all, not even that of the Celts. The Welshman calls an Englishman a Saxon now, just

as he did a thousand or thirteen hundred years back. The refined confusion of calling a nation Saxon up to a certain date, and English after it, has not occurred to him.

Thus in the fourth century the Roman power in Britain was still strong enough to beat back the earliest Teutonic invaders of the island. In the next century all was changed. Within its first years the Teutons were pouring into the Empire on every side. Alaric and his Goths marched to and fro through the unresisting provinces, Eastern and Western; and if even they felt the edge of the sword of Stilicho, yet, when he was gone, they could do what Pyrrhus and Hannibal had failed to do, and renewed the exploit of Brennus in an occupation of the Eternal City itself. Remember—it is not well that we should forget—that the first men who entered as conquerors within the gates of Imperial Rome were men of our bone and our flesh, men of which it is but a slight exaggeration to say that they spoke the tongue which we are speaking now. Elsewhere the Empire was breaking up in the like sort. When Alaric was dead, his successor Athaulf led his followers into Spain, and there, with all the due formalities of an Imperial commission, founded the independent monarchy of the Spanish Goths. The allegiance even of Gaul became nominal; a small portion only of the country retained any practical allegiance to Rome; the Gothic Kings of Spain ruled over Aquitaine, and the Franks and Burgundians began to establish themselves in the eastern parts of the country. Armorica for a moment actually fell away, the only spot within the Roman dominion which seems ever to have willingly thrown off the honours or the burthens of the Roman name. How then should Britain still cleave to an Empire from which its nearer provinces were daily being lopped away? The Roman legions were recalled by Honorius for the defence of nearer interests, and Britain, after more than four hundred years of Roman dominion, was left to shift for itself as it might. Now comes that great gap in the history of the island which has no parallel in the history of Italy or Spain or Gaul, the gap which divides Celtic and Roman Britain from our own Teutonic England. Now comes the time of historic darkness through which we have to grope our way by the flickering light of legend and tradition, helped only by the light one degree less dim of the single chronicler of the vanquished race. No time in European annals opens a wider field of conjecture, no time gives us less of safe historic ground to walk

upon, than the years when Britain had ceased to be Roman and had not yet begun to be English. There is no time that we should be better pleased to know in minute detail, there is no time when the recovery of a single detail is so thoroughly hopeless. And yet our very lack of knowledge is instructive; the thicker the darkness, the clearer is the light that it gives us. It is this very darkness, this very want of knowledge, which shows us more plainly than anything else how wide was the difference between the English Conquest of Britain and any other Teutonic occupation of a Romanized land. By the light of our darkness, by the teaching of our ignorance, we are enabled to see that, while the dweller in Gaul is still a Romanized Celt, while the dweller in Spain is still a Romanized Iberian, the dweller in the widest and richest part of the Isle of Britain is not a Celt or a Roman, but an Englishman.

At the state of Britain during this time of darkness we can do no more than guess. The fact that the Latin language nowhere survives, that whatever in Britain is not English is still Celtic, the fact that this same state of things can be traced as far back as we can trace anything at all, may possibly show that Britain was less thoroughly Romanized than Gaul and Spain. Wales is at this moment no more Latin than England is, and there is nothing to show that a thousand years back it was any more Latin than it is now. And Wales, I would again remark, even in the later and narrower use of the word, is a much larger and more important part of southern Britain than the Breton and Basque-speaking districts are of France and Spain. Wales has a far better claim to be looked on as a sample of Britain before the coming of the English than Brittany has to be looked on as a sample of Gaul before the coming of the Franks. Still, though Britain was probably less thoroughly Romanized than the continental provinces, it cannot have been so little Romanized as we might be led to think by the present state of Wales. Latin was undoubtedly the speech of the cities, the speech of government, literature, and polite life. Welsh was under a cloud, just as England was, ages after, in the days of Norman rule. But the present prevalence of Welsh shows that it must have been much more extensively spoken, that it must have been much more truly the speech of the people at large, during the days of Roman dominion in Britain, than the Celtic and Iberian tongues were during the days of Roman dominion in Gaul and Spain. And; after the withdrawal of the Roman legions,

everything would tend to weaken the Roman and to strengthen the Celtic element in the country. The cities, the greatest of all Roman elements, would remain Roman still; but with their connexion with the Imperial centre they lost their connexion with one another; they would remain, no longer municipalities of a vast Empire, but weak and isolated commonwealths in a disorganized and often hostile land. The powers, military and civil, of the Roman magistracy ceased, and there was no established Celtic system on which men could fall back for government and protection. The sad picture which Gildas draws, the picture of utter confusion and anarchy, is no more than was natural in the case. But it is a picture of a Roman province falling in pieces after the central Roman power had been withdrawn. The language is still Roman; Roman not, as in mediæval writers, by imitation or affectation, but by genuine retention. Vortigern, in the later story a King, is still in Gildas a Roman Duke. But in such a state of things society must have been pretty well brought back to its first elements. The power which for four hundred years had been the only representative of law and government had suddenly vanished. Every city, every district, almost every man, must have had to fight for his own land. The land stood open for any enterprising invader to seize upon, and our fathers were not slow to take advantage of the opportunity which was set before them.

And now, about the middle of the fifth century, began the English conquest of Britain. From the whole coast from Lake Flevo to the Baltic the tribes of Low-Dutch speech began to pour into the land which seemed almost to call for conquerors. Jutes, Angles, Saxons, Frisians, other tribes no doubt whose names have vanished, pressed on to have their share in the work. They came not now for mere momentary plunder, for the hope of gain or for the excitement of warfare; they came to make the land of Britain their own. The keels of Hengest and Horsa led the way; and as Kent had been the first land to feel the tread of the Roman invader, as Kent was to be the first land to welcome the Roman missionary, so Kent was now the first spot in the Isle of Britain where the Teutonic conqueror found himself an abiding home. Let us go back to that day, the day of the birth of our nation, when the first Englishman set foot on the shores of Britain. Our fathers came, it may well be, according to the well-known legend, as mercenaries in the pay of a native prince. Duke Vortigern may, like many a Roman Cæsar, have thought it policy to

arm one set of barbarian enemies against another. But whether they entered Kent as mercenaries or as avowed pirates, with or without the consent of the British ruler of the province, when they had once made their way into the land, they abode in it, and they abode in it as its masters. With their landing the history of England begins. It is indeed not till long after that the name of *Englaland* was established as the geographical name of all Teutonic Britain. But the first settlers themselves, though we read distinctly that their proper tribe-name was Jutes, are called English from the beginning, and the name *Angel-cyn* is used from the beginning as the common name of all the Teutonic settlers. From that small settlement grew up the English dominion in Britain, and the dominion of Englishmen throughout the world. The Jutes of Kent became comparatively insignificant in later history; while the Angle gave his name to the people and their land, while the Saxon gave his royal dynasty to the united nation, the only boast remaining to the Jute was that the mother church of England stood on his soil. But it was Hengest and his Jutes who began the work; Angles and Saxons did but follow in their wake. There was a time when Kent was England; there was a still earlier time when England reached no further than so much of Kentish soil as the crews of the invading keels had already made their own. And it is well to mark what constant struggles were needed, how many years of warfare passed, before the English invaders had full possession even of that one corner of Britain. Legend carries Hengest into nearly every quarter of the island; in more trustworthy tradition his exploits do not reach beyond the bounds of his own Kentish peninsula. Here again is another marked difference between the English Conquest of Britain and the other Teutonic conquests in Gaul and Spain. On the Continent the Teutons, when they finally came, came in like a flood: they settled where they would; the provincials hardly struck a blow against them, and no wonder, when the invader in many cases came in the guise of a Roman general, with a lawful commission from the Roman Emperor. In Britain every inch of the land had to be won by hard fighting. Two causes combined to bring about this difference, the different position of the Teutonic invaders and the different position of those whom they invaded. In the continental provinces, as we have seen, there was no room for any strictly national patriotism, and loyalty to the central power was passive rather than active. Men had no wish to revolt against Cæsar,

but they had no very urgent motive to fight on his behalf. But in Britain, the very withdrawal of the central power, the very break-up of all order and government, must have called forth the most intense patriotism, if not of a national at least of a local kind. Men who might not have cared to fight for Rome or even for Britain would wage war to the knife to defend each inch of his own immediate territory against a heathen and barbarous invader. For we must never forget how essentially our own settlement in Britain, differing from all the other Teutonic settlements, was a settlement of heathen and barbarian destroyers. The Briton had not, like the provincial of Gaul or Spain, the chance of retaining his life, his personal freedom, the protection of his national law, the possession of a certain fixed share of his landed property. He was not overcome by a conqueror of the same religious faith as himself, who respected the political and social order of the land which he invaded. Before the invasion of our own forefathers all went down. The worshippers of Woden and Thunder felt not that reverence that even the Arian Goth felt for the Christian churches and their ministers. Things were now exactly as they were when the heathen Danes came four hundred years later. Christianity, and all that belonged to it, was a special object of hatred to conquerors who had unlearned nothing of heathenism and heathen ferocity. Our one nearly contemporary picture sets before us the overthrow of churches, the slaughter of clergy, as one of the special horrors of the conquest. Our forefathers had none of the reverence of a Goth or a Burgundian for the laws and speech of Rome; they had no sympathy with the municipal organization which Rome had spread over her provinces. They cared nothing for a speech which they did not understand and for laws which to them were meaningless.

To them a city was simply a prison; freedom in their eyes was lost within the boundary of a stone wall; in their eyes the place for an assembly of freemen was not the temple or the council-house, but the open moor unfettered by barriers, and with no roof but the roof of heaven. All went down; art, religion, law, all perished; a Roman town with its walls and towers was, in the first stage of conquest, not a coveted possession, but an obstacle which blocked the path of invasion, which needed more time and labour to overcome than the land around it, and which, when it at last was won, was left, forsaken and dismantled, as a witness of the utter havoc which our fathers knew how to work. I have asked you to stand

with me on the steep of Le Mans; I will ask you to stand with me on the shingly shore of Pevensey. At Pevensey, no less than at Le Mans, we see before us the works of many ages, from the days of Roman dominion to our own time. But in how different a state are they set before us. At Le Mans we have a continuous occupation, a continuous history. The Gaulish hill-fort has grown, step by step, into the Roman, the mediæval, and the modern city. There is no break in its continuous life; no period of interruption, no period of destruction. But look at Pevensey. There stand the walls of Anderida, once a Roman city, a mighty haven, a seat of dominion which gave its name to the surrounding land. In many parts of their circuit, those walls stand well-nigh as perfect as when the Roman engineer looked with joy on the newly-finished bulwark. But they stand empty and desolate; and they stood as empty and desolate as they are now when the ships of the Norman invader put to shore beneath the walls of the forsaken city. The Roman walls of Anderida are more perfect than the Roman walls of Le Mans, but they do not surround, like those of Le Mans, the oldest portions of a city which has far outstripped their limits. Within their circuit there is not a single dwelling of man; there was not a single dwelling of man there when William landed. The Briton and the Roman have vanished; they have left behind them only those gigantic works which defied any power of destruction at the command of our fathers. But east and west of those forsaken ruins stand English villages, with purely English names, each with its church, ancient as we deem antiquity, but which seems a work of yesterday in the presence of the relics of the older time. History tells us that, when William landed, one of those villages was a thriving borough, a flourishing haven, which, like so many other havens of the Kentish and South-Saxon shore, has been ruined by the physical changes of the coast. At Pevensey, as at Romney and Winchelsea, the sea has fallen back, and has left what once were busy merchant towns stranded like the fragments which the ebbing tide leaves upon the sand. Thus, while at Le Mans the Roman city lived on, at Anderida it utterly perished. We know the history of its fall. Second among the recorded English settlements, next after the Jutish conquest of Kent, came that Saxon settlement which grew into the Kingdom of Sussex. Zelle and Cissa landed in the harbour of Chichester, a city which drew its English name from Cissa himself. The open country no doubt was easily won.

But for fourteen years the bulwarks of Anderida were proof against all attack. Most likely no attack was attempted till the whole land around was conquered and the city stood isolated and helpless. The siege was long; the defence was valiant. The besiegers were annoyed by constant sallies, and it would seem that helpers from other parts of the island came to defend their last outpost in southern Britain. As the English attacked their walls, they were not only beaten back by the defenders of the walls, but were attacked in the rear by countless bands of archers to which the great neighbouring forest, the great Andredesweald, afforded shelter whenever the besiegers turned upon them. The English had at last to divide their forces: one division kept up the ceaseless blockade of the wall, while the other warred against the Welsh who came to help their beleaguered countrymen. At last hunger did its work; resistance could no longer be kept up; the gates were stormed or opened; and not a soul of the defenders, man, woman, or child, escaped the swords of the English. Not a Briton was left alive in the city, and no English settlement took their place within the prison of the Roman walls. It was only in later times, when the work of conquest was now over, when the new lords of the soil had begun to turn their thoughts to other objects than rapine and slaughter, that the English borough of Pevensey, the English village of West-Ham, arose, not within the ancient circuit, although in its near neighbourhood. It was only in later times still, when the brother of the Norman Conqueror had become lord of the English town, that a small portion of the Roman site was once more occupied, and a feudal castle arose within one corner of the Roman city. That feudal castle is now utterly forsaken, and far more utterly shattered and broken down, than the Roman walls themselves. Fit emblems these of our national history. The Roman and the Norman have vanished, but the Englishman still abides. The English village, the English church, are there, still living, while the works of earlier and later conquerors stand as mere relics of past time. The blood, the laws, the speech, which Ælle and Cissa first planted on the South-Saxon shore, are still the blood, the laws, and the speech of Englishmen. And nowhere are they more at home than in the shire which beheld English freedom sink for a moment in the twilight of Senlac, and rise again to more abiding life in the full brightness of the summer day of Lewes.

The two pictures are typical. The history of Le Mans and the history of Anderida

show us with all plainness how different a thing the settlement of our own forefathers was, even from the settlement of the Franks, the most barbarous, the least Romanized, among the continental conquerors. I have no doubt that the warfare waged by our forefathers, as long as they claved to their heathen worship, was strictly a war of extermination, so far as there can be such a thing as a war of extermination, at all. I do not mean that every Briton was actually swept from the face of the earth by the English of those times, as the English of our times have swept away the natives of Tasmania, or as they may one day sweep away the natives of New Zealand. One thing is certain, that fourteen hundred years have not taken away or lessened either our will or our capacity for destruction. There is, however, one difference between the two cases. The Britons, aliens in blood, language, and religion, were at least men of our own colour. The two races therefore could mingle without leaving any sensible trace of the mixture. And to some extent no doubt they did mingle; the pedigree of no nation is absolutely pure. The women, it is obvious, would often be spared, and Celtic mothers might hand on some drops of Celtic blood to English sons. So too some of the conquered would doubtless be allowed to live as slaves of their conquerors. This sort of thing happens in every conquest; it must have happened when the Welsh settled in Britain, just as much as when the English did. But does this sort of chance intermingling hinder us from being at least as near an approach to pure-blooded Teutons as the Welsh are to pure-blooded Celts? Does it show that the English settlement in Britain was a settlement which made no greater change than the Frankish settlement in Gaul? I trow not. The results down to our own day witness to the fact of the difference; all that we know of the history explains the circumstances of the difference. I believe that, speaking in the rough way which is the only way in which we can speak of such matters, the Welsh vanished from the land and the English took their places. Some of my special reasons for thinking so will come most fittingly in the last stage of my argument, the stage of answering objections. But it is easy to see that the way in which the land was won, bit by bit, by hard fighting, the invaders being victorious in one battle and beaten back in the next, would give the war the full character of a war of extermination. Many would fall in battle, in battles where we may be sure that no quarter was given, and those who escaped the sword would



have unusual means of flight into the wide regions of unconquered country which lay behind them. I believe that, as long as the English still worshipped the gods of their fathers, their warfare was one in which the rule was, as at Anderida, not to leave a Briton alive. But I beg you to remember that I confine this description to the days of heathendom and to those parts of England which were won during the days of heathendom. I simply make the distinction now; its full meaning I shall explain more at large in one of my answers to objections in my last lecture.

After all, there is no point in which the English Conquest of Britain stands more completely by itself than in its religious aspect. What made it so specially fearful in the eyes of the conquered was that it was a heathen conquest. No Anglian or Saxon invader dreamed of bowing himself to the faith of the conquered; no Remigius stood ready to lead Hengest or Cerdic to the waters of regeneration. Our forefathers were converted in the end, and there is no country in the world where the manner of conversion was more honourable alike to the missionaries and to the converts. But they were not converted, like their brethren on the Continent, by those whom they subdued. All speculations as to the ancient British Church, its origin or its doctrines, concern us, as Englishmen, as little as speculations about the Churches of Armenia or Æthiopia. It was not from the Briton that our enlightenment came. The Briton never strove — under his circumstances it was not likely that he should strive — to offer the message of salvation to his destroyer. I do not forget, least of all in this portion of the Kingdom, how great a debt Northern and Central England owe to the teaching of the independent Scots. But the independent Scots are not the conquered Welsh, and it does not appear that any English soul was won even by a Scottish missionary till the work of conversion had been begun by men who brought the word of life from the common centre of religion, government, and civilization. There is no other nation in Europe which has had so little to look to Rome as a political mistress; there is no nation in Europe which has had so truly to look to Rome as an ecclesiastical mother. Rome converted England; England converted such of our Teutonic brethren as still remained strangers to the fold of Christ. Here, even more than in anything else, we see the gap which separates Teutonic England from Celtic and Roman Britain. Elsewhere Christianity and its hierarchy are continuous. Since

the earliest days of the Christian Church, the ancient cities of Italy, Spain, and Gaul have never failed in the unbroken succession of their Bishops. Save where modern legislation has wrought a change, their sees still remain where they were fixed in the days of Constantine; the limits of their ecclesiastical jurisdiction still represents the Roman civil divisions of the fourth century. In England there is not a Bishoprick which can trace its succession further backward than the last days of the sixth century. Here in this Northern Province, we cannot doubt that Eboracum, so often the capital of the Cæsars, had its Prelates in Roman times, no less than any metropolis in Gaul or Spain. But while the ecclesiastical history of Rouen and Toledo loses itself in the legends of the first days of persecution, the existing Church of York can claim no earlier founder than the Bretwalda Eadwine; its line of Prelates goes no further back than Paulinus, the missionary from Kent and Rome. As in everything else, so in religion, we are cut off by an impassable gulf from the days before the English Conquest. For in adopting the same faith as the conquered, we adopted it at such a time, in such a manner, and in such a form, as to cut us off from all communion with them. We were a new people in a new land, a land which men had begun to look upon as another world, a world whose conversion was the noblest spiritual conquest of which the spiritual centre of the older world could boast.

Such, then, was our settlement in Britain; such are the points of contrast between that settlement and the Teutonic settlements which took place in the continental provinces of Rome. Elsewhere the conquerors and the conquered mingled; the fabric of Roman society was not wholly overthrown; the laws, the speech, the religion of the elder time went on, modified doubtless, but never utterly destroyed. The conqueror became in all these points the pupil of his subjects. In Britain a great gulf divides us from everything before our own coming. We kept our own laws, our own tongue, our own heathen creed, and, so far as they have been thrown aside or modified, it has not been through mingling with the conquered, but through later and independent influences. We changed our faith, but not at the hands of the Briton; the Roman sowed the seed of truth and the Scot watered it. Our laws and language have in later times been greatly modified; but they were modified, not at the hands of the conquered Britons, but at the hands of the conquering Nor-



mans. Elsewhere the conqueror was gradually absorbed in the mass of the conquered; here, if any of the conquered survived, they were absorbed in the mass of the conquerors. Elsewhere, in a word, the old heritage, the old traditions, of Rome still survive; here they are things of the dead past, objects only of antiquarian curiosity. Of all that is most truly living among us, all that most truly forms our national being, we brought in the rude germ from our home beyond the sea, and it has grown up to an independent life in our new home

in the conquered island. As it is by the walls of Anderida, so it is throughout the land. The Briton has vanished utterly; the Roman and the Norman have left their ruins; but the Englishman still abides. He has passed from the mouths of the Weser and Elbe to the Thames, the Severn, and the Humber. And thence he has passed to wider lands in other hemispheres, and has carried the old Teutonic speech, the old Teutonic freedom, to the mighty continent beyond the Ocean and to the far islands beneath the Southern Cross.

**SUITABLE PAPER-HANGINGS.**—The late Mr. Pugin, Owen Jones, and others, have raised paper-hangings to a pre-eminence here. Any person with taste may easily select patterns appropriate to every kind of room. I think our manufacturers are not behind any country in this particular. We must now educate the working men, get them to study nature; and those who set the working patterns should remember the lines in Thomson's "Spring." Look at the beautiful colouring of nature, so bright, so bold, so sensitively soft, so freely distributed, yet charmingly adjusted; the groundwork, always judicious in tint heightens the lustre of all above it. Look at the beautiful tints upon the rocks. Every shade of grey and golden green, red, purple, and black; beautiful heather, and shining golden gorse; blue and grey marl; a mingling of such gorgeous colour that cannot be surpassed. Mr. Crace arranged his idea of harmonious colouring for a certain occasion in the following manner (and he will, I am sure, pardon me for mentioning it here, for they should be put up in every workshop, as references):—1. Black and warm brown. 2. Violet and pale green. 3. Violet and light rose-colour. 4. Deep blue and golden brown. 5. Chocolate and bright brown. 6. Deep red and grey. 7. Marone and warm green. 8. Deep blue and pink. 9. Chocolate and pea green. 10. Marone and deep blue. 11. Claret and buff. 12. Black and warm green. Our rooms should always be bright and cheerful; they should never be painted or papered dark or dull. The climate is mild but changeable, and so much of the year dull and cold that we should always remember it when choosing our colour for their decoration.

ture of the Virgin and Child, painted by St. Luke, and the other a remarkable piece of early Christian sculpture—a head of Christ—discovered some years since in the catacombs at Rome. Her Majesty examined these precious relics with much attention, and was pleased to express to their owner, Colonel Szerelmey, the great pleasure she had derived from their inspection. Both these works are indeed highly interesting alike to the art student and to Christians. They have been for several years in the possession of their present owner, but have been seen only by a limited number of his friends and connoisseurs in art. It is to be regretted that works of so much interest should be permitted to lie buried in the vaults of a bank for safe keeping, instead of obtaining the wide celebrity which they deserve. Observer.

**STRONG DRINK AND TOBACCO SMOKE.**—By H. P. Prescott. (Macmillan.)—This book does not attempt the task—about the most useless, by the way, of all human labours—of advising or dissuading from the use of the things of which it treats. If it has a practical object, it is to help us in discovering whether, when we drink or smoke, we are taking in what we wish to take, or what various knaves find it profitable to palm upon us. But it is in the main a scientific description of the growth, structure &c., of four plants, three of them entering into the manufacture of beer and whisky, namely, barley, hops, and yeast (we may venture the conjecture that not all our readers will have been aware that yeast is a plant), the tobacco plant being the fourth. By way of illustrations, there are some excellent plates, from etchings executed by the author himself, mostly exhibiting the results of microscopical researches. We ought to say that the volume appears under the care of Professor Huxley, Mr. Prescott having been carried off by consumption while it was passing through the press. Spectator.

**ANTIQUÉ ART.**—When her Majesty was last in London, on the occasion of her visit to the Duke of Sutherland, two very remarkable works of antique art, which her Majesty had expressed a desire to inspect, were placed in Stafford House. One of these works was the famous pic-

## PART VII.

## CHAPTER XX.

KATE was very much perplexed by her interview with her lover, and by the abrupt conclusion of his visit. She was very sweet-tempered and good-natured, and could not bear to vex any one; but perhaps it pained her secretly a little to be brought in contact with those very strong feelings which she scarcely understood, and which did not bear much resemblance to her own tender, affectionate, caressing love. She was very fond of John; at bottom she knew and felt that of all the men she had ever seen, he was the man whom she preferred trusting her life and happiness to. Had she been driven to the very depths, and power given her to express her feelings, this would have been what she would have said; and when opportunity served she was very willing to give him her smiles, her sweet words, to lean her head against him, caressing and dependent, to bestow even a soft unimpassioned kiss; but to think of nothing but John, to resign any part of her duties as mistress of the house, or to neglect other people, and make them uncomfortable, on account of him, would never have occurred to her. And there was in her mind at the same time something of that fatal curiosity which so often attends power. She wanted to know how far her power could go: it gave her a thrill of excitement to speculate upon just touching the utmost borders of it, coming to the very verge of loss and despair, and then mending everything with a touch of her hand, or sudden smile. By nature Kate seemed to have been so completely separated from all tragical possibilities. She had never wanted anything in all her life that had not been procured for her. Everything had given way to her, everything conspired to give her her will. And what if she should give herself one supreme pleasure to end with, and skirt the very edge of the abyss, and feel the awful thrill of danger, and go just within a hair's-breadth of destruction? Kate's heart beat as the thought occurred to her. If she could do this, then she might sip the very essence of tragedy, and never more be obliged to despise herself as ignorant of intense emotions — while yet she would still keep her own happiness all the time to fall back upon. Such was the thought — we cannot call it project — which gradually shaped itself in Kate's mind, and which accident went so far to carry out.

"So he has gone," her father said to her; "we have not paid our deliverer sufficient attention, I suppose."

"Papa, you know I will not have him talked of so," cried Kate; "he went away because he chose to go. I am dreadfully sorry; and it makes me think a great deal less of the people who are staying here, not of John."

"How do you make that out?" said her father.

"Because they did not understand him better," said Kate, with flashing eyes; "they took their cue from you, papa — not from me — which shows what they are; for of course it is the lady of the house who has to be followed, not the gentleman. And he did not see anything of me, which was what he came for. I only wonder that he should have stayed a single day."

"That is complimentary to us," said her father, and then he looked her keenly in the face. "It is not much use trying to deceive me," he said. "You have quarrelled with Mitford; why don't you tell me so at once? You have no reproach to expect from me."

"I have not quarrelled with Mr. Mitford," said Kate, raising her head with an amount of indignation for which Mr. Crediton was not prepared.

"No, by Jove! you need not expect any reproaches from me; a good riddance, I should be disposed to say. The fellow begins to get intolerable. Between you and me, Kate, I would almost rather the Bank had been burnt to the ground than to owe all this to a man I —"

"Papa," said Kate, loftily, "the man you are speaking of is engaged to be married to me."

Upon which Mr. Crediton laughed. This cynical Mephistophelian kind of laugh was not in his way, neither was it usual with him to swear by Jove; but he was aggravated, and his mind was twisted quite out of its general strain. No doubt it is very hard to have favours heaped upon you by a man whom you do not like. And then he had the feeling which embittered his dislike, that for every good service John had done him, he had repaid him with harm. As a recompense for his daughter's life, he had placed her lover in the dingy outer office — a clerk with more pretensions and less prospect of success than any of the rest. As a reward for the devotion which had saved him his property, he made his house, if not disagreeable, at least unattractive to his visitor, and now felt a certain vigorous satisfaction in the thought of having beaten him off the field. "That fellow!" he said, and flattered himself that Kate too was getting tired of him. John had not even taken his preferment gratefully and humbly, as

would have been natural; but insisted upon taking possession of Kate whenever he could monopolize her society, and looked as black as night when she was not at his call. Instead of being overjoyed with the prospect of going to Fernwood at any price, he had the assurance to resent his cool reception and to cut short his visit, as if he were on an equal or even superior footing. Mr. Crediton was very glad to get rid of him, but yet he was furious at his presumption in venturing to take it upon himself to go away. It was a curious position altogether. He dared not be rude to the man who had done so much for him; everybody would have called shame on him had he attempted it; and yet he began to hate him for his services. And at the same time he had the substantial foundation of justice to rest upon, that in point of fact John Mitford was not a suitable match for Kate Crediton. It was in this mood that he accosted Kate, almost expecting to find her disposed to respond in his own vein.

"There is many a slip between the cup and lip," he said oracularly, and left her standing where he had found her, almost diverted from her own thoughts by indignation and that healthful impulse of opposition which springs so naturally in the young human breast. "There shall be no slips in John's cup," she said to herself, with a certain fury, as she turned away, not thinking much of the unity of the metaphor. No, nothing should interfere with John's happiness; at least nothing should permanently interfere with it. The course of true love should certainly be made to run smooth for him, and everything should go right—at the last. That, of course, was all that was necessary—the most severe critic could not demand more than a happy conclusion. "Papa is very much mistaken if he thinks he can make me traitor to John," Kate said to herself, indignantly, and hurried off to put on her habit, and went out to ride with a countenance severe in conscious virtue. She was pleased that it was Fred Huntley who kept most closely by her side all the way. For one thing, he rode very well, which is always a recommendation; and then she felt that she could speak to him of the subject which was most in her thoughts. It was true that she had almost quarrelled with her lover on Fred's account, and that there had been a moment when her mind was full of the thought that her choice must lie between the two. But Kate forgot these warnings in the impulse of the moment, and in her longing for confidential communion with somebody who was interested in John.

"Papa has been making himself so disagreeable to-day," she said. "No, I know I have not much to complain of in that way; generally he is very good; but this morning—though perhaps I ought not to say anything about it," Kate concluded with a sigh.

"It is a way our fathers have," said Fred, "though they ought to know better at their time of life; but Mr. Crediton is a model in his way—small blame to him when he has only to deal with —"

"Me," said Kate; "please don't pay me any compliments; we don't really like them, you know, though we have to pretend to. I know I am sometimes very aggravating; but if there is any good in a girl at all, she must stand up for anybody who—who is fond of her: don't you think so, Mr. Huntley? What could any one think of her if she had not the heart to do that?"

"I am afraid I don't quite follow," said Fred; "to stand up for everybody who is fond of her? but in that case your life would be a series of standings-up for somebody or other—and one might have too much of that."

"There you go again," said Kate; "another compliment! when that is not in the least what I want. I want backing up myself. I want—advice."

"Indeed, indeed," said Fred. "I am quite ready to give any quantity of backing up—on the terms you have just mentioned; or—advice."

"Well," said Kate, with a certain softness in her tone—she could not help being slightly caressing to anybody she talked confidentially with—"you know we have been friends almost all our lives; at least I was a very small girl when I first knew you; we used to call you Fred in those days—Minnie and Lizzie and I—"

"Minnie and Lizzie call me Fred still," said her companion, drily; and he brought his horse very close, almost too close, to her side.

"Of course, they are your sisters," said Kate; "but that was not what I meant. I meant that it was natural I should talk to you. I have not got any brother to advise me, and papa has been so disagreeable; and then, besides knowing me so well, you are quite intimate—with—poor John."

"Do you know," said Fred, with apparent hesitation, "I meant to have spoken to you on that subject. I fear Mitford does not like it. I don't blame him. If I had been as fortunate as he is—pardon the supposition—I don't think I should have liked you—I mean the lady—to talk to any other man of me."

Kate did not answer for some minutes.

She went along very slowly, her head and her horse's drooping in harmony; and then she suddenly roused herself as they came to a level stretch of turf, and with a little wave of her hand went off at full speed. Such abrupt changes were familiar to all her friends, but Fred had a feeling that the caprice for once was policy, and that she wanted time to recover herself, and make up her mind what kind of answer she would give. Perhaps she had another notion too, and had half hoped to shake off her attendant, and pick up some one else who would not tempt her into paths so difficult. However that might be, the fact was that she did not shake Fred off, but found him at her side when she drew rein and breath a good way ahead of the rest of the party.

"That was sudden," he said, with a smile, stopping as she did, and timing all his movements to hers with a deference that half flattered, half annoyed her. And Kate was silent again. Her spirit failed at this emergency—or else, which was more likely, she had not made up her mind that it was an emergency, or that now was the moment when any decision must be made.

"I don't understand why you should feel like that," she said, all at once. "It is natural to talk about people one—cares for; and who should one talk of them to but their friends? I told you papa had been dreadfully disagreeable all this time—to *him*; I am sure I can't think why—unless it is to make me unhappy; and I am—whenever I think of it," Kate added with a candour of which she herself was unaware.

"I think I can understand quite well why," said Fred. "It is natural enough. I daresay he hates every fellow that ventures to look at you; and as for a man who hopes to take you from him altogether—I don't see how the best of Christians could be expected to stand that."

"Oh, nonsense," said Kate. "All the books say that our fathers and mothers are only too glad to get rid of us. I don't think, however, it would be true to say that of papa. He would be very lonely. But in that case, don't you think the thing would be to make very good friends with—poor John?"

Fred shook his head with every appearance of profound gravity, and deliberation. "I do not think my virtue would be equal to such an exertion," he said, with great seriousness, "if I were your papa."

"You are very absurd," said Kate, laughing; "as if you could be my papa! Yes, indeed, it is easy to laugh; but if you

had as much on your mind as I have, Mr. Huntley——"

"You said you used to call me Fred."

"That was only with your sisters," said Kate. "We are too old for that now; and, besides, if you were my real friend, and felt for me, you would not talk nonsense when I tell you how much I have on my mind."

"Am I talking nonsense?" said Fred; and just then, as ill luck would have it, their companions overtook them and interrupted the conversation, just, Kate said to herself, as it began to be interesting. And she had not really been able to obtain any advice from this old friend of her own and of John's, who was, she reflected, of all people the right one to consult. John had been impatient about it, but of course it was simply because John did not know. He thought Fred was intruding between them, attempting to take his own place, which was, oh, such folly! Fred of all men! who never even *looks* at me! said Kate. And then her conscience smote her a little, for Fred had surely looked at her, even this very day, more perhaps than John would have approved of. However, he was perfectly innocent, he was a man who had never been fond of any girl—who was a fellow of a college, and that sort of thing. No recollection of the moment when they had both stood by her in the Fanshawe garden, and she had felt herself driven, as it were, to make a choice between them, came back to Kate's mind now. She wanted to talk about the circumstances and discuss the matter with somebody; and Fred, who was John's friend, was the first who came in her way. This was the innocent, natural explanation,—most natural, most innocent; and how odd, how strange, how unkind it was of John to have objected to it! Though she would not really have vexed John for the world, yet somehow his unreasonable dislike to Fred rather stimulated than prevented her from seeking Fred's advice. Why should she give in to an injustice? And surely in such a matter it was she who must know best.

As for Fred Huntley, there was a curious combat going on within him which he concealed skillfully from everybody, and even laboriously from himself. He pretended not to be aware of the little internal controversy. When his heart gave him a little tug and intimation that he was John Mitford's friend, and ought to guard his interests, he acquiesced without allowing that any question on the matter was possible. Of course he was John's friend—of course he would stand by him; and he only say

with the tail of his eye, and took no notice of, the little imp which in a corner of his mind was gibing at this conscientious resolution. And then he said to himself how pretty Kate Crediton looked to-day, when she suddenly woke out of her reverie, and gathered up her reins and went off like a wild creature, her horse and she one being, over the level turf. He could not but allow it was very odd that he had never remarked it before. He supposed she must have been as pretty all those years, when he had seen her growing from summer to summer into fuller bloom. But the fact was that he had never taken any notice of her until now; and he did not know how to explain it. But even while the thought passed through his mind, it appeared to Fred as if the little demon, whom he could just perceive with the tail of the eye of his mind, so to speak, made a grimace at him, as much as to say, I know the reason why. Impertinent little imp! Fred turned and looked himself full in the face, as it were, and there was no demon visible. It was only to be seen with the tail of his eye, when his immediate attention was fixed on other things.

And thus the day passed on at Fernwood, with the ride and the talk; and at night the great dinner, which was like a picture, with its heaps of flowers on the table, and pretty toilettes and pretty faces round it—a long day for those who had no particular interest, and a short day for those who were better occupied. Lady Winton, who had known Mrs. Mitford when she was a girl, yawned over her dressing, and told her confidential maid drearily that she could not think why she had come, and wished she might go, except that the next place would be just as bad. But Fred felt in his calm veins a little thrill of excitement, as of a man setting forth in an unknown country, and found Fernwood much more interesting than he had ever done before. "They have always such nice people—Lady Winton for one," he said to the man who sat next him after dinner; for Lady Winton was a very clever woman, and rather noted in society. Such was the fashion of life at Fernwood, when John sat down in the shadow of his mother's lamp at Fanshawe Regis, and did his best to make the evening cheerful for her, for the first time for three months.

## CHAPTER XXI.

THE conversation above recorded was, it may be supposed, very far from being the last on so tempting a subject. In short, the two who had thus a topic to themselves did with it what two people invariably do

with a private occasion for talk,—produced it perpetually, had little snatches of discussion over it, which were broken off as soon as any stranger appeared, and gradually got into a confidential and mysterious intimacy. Kate, to do her justice, had no such intention. None of the girls about her knew John sufficiently well to discuss him. They had seen him but for these two days, when he had been *distract*, preoccupied, and suffering; and indeed her friends did not admire her choice, and Madeline Winton, who was her chief intimate, had not hesitated to say so. "Of course I don't doubt Mr. Mitford is very nice," had been Miss Winton's deliverance; "but if you really ask my *opinion*, Kate, I must say he did not captivate me." "I did not want him to captivate you," Kate had answered, with some heat. But nevertheless it is discouraging to have your confidences about your betrothed thus summarily checked. And on the whole, perhaps, it was more piquant to have Fred Huntley for a confidant than Madeline Winton. He never snubbed her. To be sure, with him it was not possible to indulge in very much enthusiasm over the excellences of the beloved; but that was not in any case Kate's way; and the matter, without doubt, was full of difficulties: how to overcome Mr. Crediton's passive but unflinching resistance—how to bring the father and the lover to something like an understanding of each other—how to satisfy John and smooth down his asperities and make him content with his position. "It is not that he is discontented," Kate said, with an anxious pucker on her brow, on one of those evenings when Fred had placed a chair for her just at the corner of the boudoir, where she could see all that was going on in the great drawing-room, and be able to interpose should amusements flag. John would never have thought of such a clever contrivance, which kept her mind easy about her guests, and yet left her a little freedom for herself. "It is not that he is discontented," she repeated; "I hope he is too fond of me for that—but—"

"I don't know how such a word as discontent could be spoken in the same breath with his name," said Fred—"a lucky fellow! No, surely it cannot be that."

"I told you it was not discontent," Kate said, almost sharply; "and as for lucky and all that, you always make me angry with your nonsense—when we are talking gravely of a subject which is of so much importance; at least it is of great importance to me."

"I think you might know by this time,"



said Fred, with soft reproach, "that everything that concerns you is important to me."

She looked up at him with that soft glow of gratitude and thanks in her eyes which had subdued John, and half extended to him the tips of her fingers. "Yes, indeed," she said, "you are very, very kind. I don't know why I talk to you like this. I can't talk so to anybody else. And I do so want some one to feel for me. Is it very selfish? I am afraid it is."

"If it is selfish, I hope you will always be selfish," said Fred, with a fervour which was out of place, considering all things, and yet was natural enough; and though he could not kiss the finger-tips with so many eyes looking on, he squeezed them furtively in the shadow of her dress. And then for one moment they looked at each other and felt they were going wrong. To Fred, I am afraid, the feeling was not new, nor so painful as it ought to have been; but it sent the blood pulsing suddenly with a curious thrill up to Kate's very hair, startling her as if she had received an electric shock. And then next moment she said to herself, "Nonsense! it is only Fred; he is fond of me as if he were my brother. And how nice it would be to have a brother!" she added unconsciously, with a half-uttered sigh.

"Did you speak?" said Fred.

"No; I was only thinking how nice it would be—if you were my real brother," said Kate. "How I wish you were my brother! You have always been so kind; and then you would settle it all for me, and everything would come right. It would have been so nice for papa too to have had a son like you. He would not have minded losing me so much; and he would have been so proud of your first class and all that. What a nice arrangement it would have been altogether!" she ran on, beginning to see a little fun in the suggestion, which even in her present anxious state was sweet to her. "I wonder, you know—I don't mean to be wicked, but I do wonder—why Providence shouldn't think of such things. It would have been so very, very nice both for me and for papa!"

To this Fred made no reply: he even looked a little glum, if the truth must be told, and wondered, after all, was she laughing at him as well as at the rest of the world? and the general company, as it happened, wanted a little stirring up just at that particular moment, and Kate had darted off before he was aware, and was here and there among her guests looking as if vexation of any kind had never come near her.

Fred asked himself, did she mean what she said—was she really moved by the difficulties that lay in John Mitford's way, or did she care anything about John Mitford? and what was still more important, what did she mean about himself?—did she mean anything?—was she playing with him as a cat plays with a mouse? or was it all real for the moment—her anxieties, her friendship, all her winning ways?—for they were winning ways, though he did not feel sure what faith was to be put in them; and Fred felt a certain pleasant weakness about his heart at the very thought of her—though she was not his but another man's Kate, and though he had no desire to be her brother. The magic had worked so upon him that he kept still in that corner waiting and wondering whether she would come back, and more satisfied with that absurd occupation than with the ordinary intercourse of society, which he might have had, had he chosen. There were various men within reach with whom he could have talked pleasantly enough in other circumstances; and there were women whom he liked—Lady Winton, for instance—who was very clever, and a great friend of Fred's. Yet instead of consoling himself with any of these resources, he sat in his corner, going over and over the foolish little conversation which had just passed, watching Kate's movements, and wondering if she would come back. The time was—and that not so very long ago—when he would have thought Lady Winton's company worth twenty of Kate Crediton's; though Lady Winton was as old as his mother, and as free from any thought of flirting with her son's friend. But something had suddenly made the very idea of Kate Crediton much more captivating than her ladyship's wit and wisdom. What was it? Is it quite fair to Mitford? Fred even asked himself faintly, though he gave himself no answer. At the last, however, his patience was rewarded. Kate came back after a long interval, after she had suggested "a little music," and had herself sung, and successfully started the performances of the evening. She came back to Fred, as she had never gone back to John,—partly, perhaps, because Fred was not much to her, and John was a great deal,—although by this time the confidential intercourse between Fred and herself had begun to catch the general eye. But nevertheless she came back, and slid into the easy-chair again, and threw herself back, and gave herself up to enjoyment of the music. "This is so sweet. Please don't talk to me—any one," she said, audibly. And Fred did not talk; but he sat half behind her, half concealed by her



chair and dress, and felt a curious beatitude steal over him. Why? But he could not tell, and he did not ask; — he felt it, that was all.

"Do you know," Kate said, with a certain abruptness, in the the middle of a bar, "that I think everything might come right, Mr. Huntley, if you would really use your influence; if you would represent to papa how good he is; and if you would only be patient with him, and show him how much better things might be. You men are so queer. If it were me, I would put on any look, it would not matter. Could there be anything wrong in putting on a look just for a little while, when it might be so useful with papa? Any girl would do it naturally," Kate continued, in a slightly aggrieved tone. "I know you men are honest, and superior, and all that; but when one has not a bad motive, it can't be any harm to make-believe a little, for so short a time."

"I think I could make-believe as much and as long as you liked," said Fred, "if you would condescend to ask me."

"Everybody does it — a little — in ordinary society," said Kate. "Of course we all smile and say things we don't mean. And wouldn't it be all the more innocent if one had a good motive? You men are so stiff and so strange. You can put on looks easily enough when it is for your own ends; and then, when one wants you just to be a little prudent —"

"Happy Mitford!" said Fred. "I should stand on my head, if you took the trouble to ask me."

"That is not the question," said Kate, giving her pretty head a little shake, as if to shake off the suspicion of a blush which had come against her will; "why should I ask you to stand on your head? but it might be of so much use to us, if John could make up his mind to conciliate poor papa."

"I see the difference," said Fred, drawing back, with not unnatural bitterness. "Pardon me, Miss Crediton, for thinking of my own readiness to obey you, when you were thinking of something so much more important."

"Now you are vexed," said Kate, turning to him with her natural sweetness. "What have I done? I am sure I did not mean to vex you. I was only thinking of — poor John."

Fred was silent. He had almost betrayed himself, and it was hard to make any reply. He swallowed his vexation as he best could, and represented to himself that he had no right to be vexed. Of course it was John she was thinking of. He gave a sudden glance back on John's past life, making

a rapid comparison. He had not been so successful, nor had he distinguished himself, as Fred had done. The good things had hitherto been his, and not John Mitford's. He had outstripped the other in the race again and again; and now for the first time here was a race which had not been to the swift. That fellow! he said to himself, as Mr. Crediton had done; though even in saying so he was aware that he was unjust. And, to be sure, he had known that John was more interesting to Kate than he was; yet he felt it hard. He drew back a little, and bit his lip, and twisted his thumbs, and looked black in spite of himself.

"Don't, please!" said Kate, carried away by her desire of smoothing things down and making everybody comfortable. "I have nearly quarrelled with papa. Don't you quarrel with me too."

"I quarrel with you!" cried Fred, leaning forward once more, and gazing at her with eyes that made Kate quake; and then he paused and added, in restrained tones that had a thrill of passion in them, "Do anything with me you like. I will try not to shrink from anything you want me to do. But Kate, Kate, don't forget I am a man — as well as John."

It was a great relief to Kate that Lady Winton came up at that moment and took a seat near her, and put an effectual stop to any more whispering. Perhaps it would be nonsense to say that she was very much surprised by this little outbreak of feeling. It is common to admire and wonder at the unfathomableness of women; and, like most other common and popular ideas, it is great nonsense; for women are no more mysterious to men than men are to women, and both are equally incomprehensible. But perhaps the sentiments of a young woman in respect to the man who pays court to her, are really as curious things as are to be found within the range of humanity. The girl has no intention to be cruel — is no coquette — and would be astonished beyond measure if she could fully realize what she is herself doing. And yet there is a curiosity, an interest, in admiration for itself — in love (still more) for itself — which draws her on unawares. It requires a strong mind, or an insensible heart, not to be interested in this investigation unawares, and sometimes to a point of cruelty. When she knows what she is about, of course a good girl will stop short, and do what she can to show the infatuated one "some discourtesy," as Sir Lancelot was bidden to do to Elaine; but there are some women, like Lancelot, who cannot be discourteous, whatever is the cost; and with a mixture of awe,

and wonder, and poignant gratification which is half pain, the woman looks on while that costly offering is made to her. It is cruel, and yet it is not meant to be cruel. Such were Kate's feelings now. Was it possible that Fred Huntley could be coming to the point of loving her—the collected, cool, composed being that he was? What kind of love would his be? How would it move him? Would it be true love, or only a pretence at it? These questions filled her with a curiosity and desire to carry on the experiment, which were too strong to be resisted. She was glad of Lady Winton's approach, because when it comes to plain speaking, it is difficult to pursue this subtle inquiry without compromising one's self. But she turned half round and gave him a wondering, anxious look. You poor, dear fellow! what can you mean? was what the look said; and it was not the kind of glance which discourages a lover either secret or avowed. And then she turned to Lady Winton, who had established herself at Kate's other side.

"I have scarcely seen you all day," she said. "Madeline told me you were too tired to talk, and that it was best to leave you alone."

"That was very true," said Lady Winton, "but I am better now, and I have something to say to you before I go away. Mr. Huntley, will you fetch me my fan, which I have left on the piano? Thanks. Now we have got rid of him, my dear, I can say what I have to say."

"But probably he will come back," said Kate, with a thrill of fear.

"I don't think he will. Fred Huntley has a great deal of sense. When I sent him off with a commission like that, of course he knows we don't want him here; and I am so glad he is gone, Kate, for it was to speak of him I came."

"To speak of—him!"

"Yes, indeed," said Lady Winton. "Tell me frankly, Kate, as one woman to another, which is it to be?"

"Which is it to be?—I don't understand you," said Kate, flushing crimson; "which of which? Lady Winton, I can't even guess what you mean."

"Oh yes, you can," said her new adviser. "My dear, it is not permitted by our laws to have two husbands, and that makes two lovers very dangerous—I always warn a girl against it. You think, perhaps, there is no harm, and that one of them will be wise enough not to go too far; but they will go too far, those silly men—and when they don't we despise them, my dear," said the experienced woman. "A woman may

shilly-shally, and hold off and on, and make an entertainment of it—but when a man is capable of that sort of thing he is not worth a thought; and so I ask, which is it to be?"

It will be seen from this that Lady Winton, like so many clever women of her age, was deeply learned in all the questions that can arise between men and women. She had studied the matter at first hand of course, in her youth; and though she had never been a flirt, she not been absolutely devoid of opportunity for study, even in her maturer years, when the faculty of observation was enlarged, and ripe judgment had come; and accordingly she spoke with authority, as one fully competent to fathom and realize the question which she thus fearlessly opened. As for Kate, she changed colour a great many times while she was being addressed, but her courage did not fail.

"Mr. Huntley is my friend," she said, facing her accuser bravely: "as for which it is to be, I introduced Mr. Mitford to you, Lady Winton—"

"Yes, my dear, and that is what makes me ask; and a very nice young fellow, I am sure—a genuine, reliable sort of young man, Kate—"

"Oh, isn't he?" cried that changeable personage, with eyes glowing and sparkling; "dear Lady Winton, you always understand—that is just what he is—one could trust him with anything and he would never fail."

"You strange girl," said Lady Winton, "what do you mean? Why, you are *in earnest*! and yet you sit and talk with Fred Huntley a whole evening in a corner, and do everything you can to break the other poor fellow's heart."

"The other poor fellow is not here," said Kate, with a half-alarmed glance round her. If it came to that, she felt that after all she would not have liked John to have watched her interview with her friend and his; and then she perceived that she had betrayed herself, and coloured high, recollecting that she was under keen feminine inspection which missed nothing.

"Don't trust to that," said Lady Winton; "you may be sure there is somebody here who will let him know. I don't say much about Fred Huntley's heart, for he is very well able to take care of that; but Kate, for heaven's sake, mind what you are about! Don't get into the habit of encouraging one man because another is absent and will not know. Everybody knows everything, my dear; there is no such thing as a secret; you forget there are more than a dozen pairs of eyes in this very room."

"Lady Winton," said Kate, "I am not

afraid of any one seeing what I do. I hope I have not done anything wrong; and as for Mr. Mitford, I know him and he knows me."

"Well, well — let us hope so," said Lady Winton, with a prolonged shake of her head; "and I hope he is more philosophical than I gave him credit for; I should not have said it was his strong point. But, however, as you are so very sure, my dear——"

"Perfectly sure," said Kate, with dignity; and the moment she had said it, would have liked to throw her arms around her monitor's neck and have a good cry; but that was quite impossible in the circumstances; and Fred Huntley from afar seeing the two ladies draw imperceptibly apart, and seeing their conversation had come to an end, approached with the fan, and took up his position in front of them, and managed to bring about a general conversation. He did it very skilfully, and contrived to cover Kate's annoyance and smooth her down, and restore her to self-command; and that night Kate was not only friendly but grateful to him, which was a further step in the downward way.

#### CHAPTER XXII.

FRED HUNTLEY was a man of considerable ingenuity as well as coolness of intellect; and it was impossible that he could remain long unconscious of what he was doing, or take any but the first steps in any path without a clear perception of whither it led. And accordingly, before he had reached this point he had become fully aware of the situation, and had contemplated it from every possible point of view. No feeling of treachery to John weighed upon him when he thought it fully over. He had not been confided in by Kate's accepted lover, nor appealed to, nor put upon his honour in the matter; and John was not even a very intimate friend that he should give in to him; nor did it occur to him to stifle the dawning love in his own heart, and withdraw from the field, even for Kate's sake, to leave her tranquil to the enjoyment of her first love. Such an idea was not in Fred's way. To secure his own will and his own happiness was naturally the first thing in his estimation, and he had no compunctions about his rival. There seemed to him no possible reason why he should sacrifice himself, and leave the field clear to John. And then there were so many aspects in which to consider the matter. It would be much better for her, Fred felt, to marry himself. He could make appropriate settlements upon her; he could maintain

her in that position to which she had been accustomed; he could give her everything that a rich man's daughter or rich man's wife could desire. His blood, perhaps, might not be so good as John Mitford's blood, if you entered into so fine a question; but he was heir to his father's money, if not to much that was more ethereal. And money tells with everybody, Fred thought; it would tell with Kate, though perhaps she did not think so. Of all people in the world was not she the last who could consent to come down from her luxurious state, and be the wife of a poor man, with next to no servants, no horses, no carriage, and nothing but love to make up to her for a thousand wants? Fred Huntley was in love himself, and indeed it was love that was the origin of all these deliberations; and yet he scoffed at love as a compensation. He did not understand how it could reconcile Kate to the difference between this luxurious house of her father's and the poor little dwelling which was all Mitford was likely to be able to offer her; and when, on the other hand, he represented to himself what it would be in his power to do — how he could surround her with as good or better than anything she now possessed — his heart swelled with a sensation which was partly mean and partly lofty. It was so far fine that there was in it a natural gush of that feeling which would dedicate everything to the one beloved; and it was mean because he calculated on his power of vanquishing his rival, and tempting Kate's affections in this way. He could give her a house nearly as good as her father's to start with, and eventually better than her father's; he could bestow upon her everything that heart could desire; he could take her everywhere she would care to go — withhold no pleasure from her; whereas the best that Mitford could do would be to depend on her father's favour, and climb upwards by that means, without one thing to offer to her which he could call his own. By dint of thinking, Fred got himself to believe that it was really an unprincipled thing on John's part to seek her at all, and that any man would do a good deed who should deliver her from his hands. He had reached to this point by the next evening after the one whose events we have just recorded. Kate had not ridden out that day; she had been little visible to any one, and Fred had not more than a distant glimpse of her at the breakfast-table and in the twilight over the tea, which called together most of the party. Madeline Winton and her mother had gone away that morning; and Madeline was Kate's gossip, her confidential friend, the only one with

whom she could relieve her soul. She was somewhat low-spirited in the evening. Fred looked on, and saw her languid treatment of everything, and the snubs she administered to several would-be consolers. He kept apart himself with conscious skill; and yet, when he happened to be thrown absolutely in her way, was very full of attention and care for her comfort. He placed her seat just as he thought she liked it, arranged her footstool for her with the most anxious devotion, and was just retiring behind her chair when she stopped him, struck by his melancholy looks. "Are you ill, Mr. Huntley?" she said, with something like solicitude; and Fred shook his head, fixing his eyes on her face.

"No," he said; "I am not ill;" and then drew a little apart, and looked down upon her with a certain pathos in his eyes.

"There is something the matter with you," said Kate.

"Well, perhaps there is; and I should have said there was something the matter with you, Miss Crediton, which is of a great deal more importance."

"Mine is easily explained," said Kate; "I have lost my friend. I am always low when Madeline goes away. We have always been such friends since we were babies. There is nobody in the world I am so intimate with. And it is so nice to have some one you can talk to and say everything that comes into your head. I am always out of spirits when she goes away."

"If the post is vacant I wish I might apply for it," Fred said, with exaggerated humility. "I think I should make an excellent confidant. Discreet and patient and ready to sympathize, and not at all given to offering impertinent advice."

"Ah, you!" cried Kate, with a sudden glance up at him. And then she laughed, notwithstanding her depressed condition. "I wonder what Lady Winton would say?" she added merrily, but the next moment grew very red and felt confused under his eye; for what if he should try to find out what Lady Winton had said?—which, of course, he immediately attempted to do.

"Lady Winton is a great friend of mine. She would never give her vote against me," said Fred, cunningly disarming his adversary.

Upon which Kate indulged herself in another mischievous laugh. Did he but know? "She is not like you," said the girl in her temerity; "she is rather fond of giving advice."

"Yes," said Fred, growing bold. "That was what she was doing last night. Would you like me to tell you what it was about?"

"What it was about?" cried Kate in consternation, with a violent sudden blush; but of course it must be nonsense, she represented to herself, looking at him with a certain anxiety. "You never could guess, Mr. Huntley; it was something quite between ourselves."

"That is very possible," he said, so gravely that her fears were quite silenced; and he added in another moment, "But I well know what it was. It was about me."

"About you!"

"I have known Lady Winton a great many years," said Fred, steadily. "I understand her ways. When she comes and takes a man's place and sends him off for something she has left behind on purpose, he must be dull indeed if he does not know what she means. She was talking to you of me."

"It was not I that said so!" cried Kate, who was in a great turmoil, combined of fright, confusion, and amusement. It would be such fun to hear what guesses he would make, and he was so sure not to find it out. "When you assert such a thing you must prove it," she said, her eyes dancing with fun and rash delight, and yet with a secret terror in them too.

"She was warning you," said Fred, with a long-drawn breath, in which there was some real and a good deal of counterfeit excitement, "not to tifle with me. She was telling you, that though I did not show many signs of feeling, I was still a man like other men, and had a heart—"

"Fancy Lady Winton saying all that," cried Kate, with a tremulous laugh of agitation. "What a lively imagination you have—and about you!"

"But she might have said it with great justice," said Fred, very gravely and steadily, "and about me."

Here was a situation! To have a man speaking to you in your own drawing-room in full sight of a score of people, and as good as telling you what men tell in all sorts of covert and secret places, with faltering voice and beating heart. Fred was perfectly steady and still; his voice was a trifle graver than usual—perhaps it might have been called sad; his eyes were fixed upon her with a serious, anxious look; there was no air of jest, no levity, but an aspect of fact which terrified and startled her. Kate fairly broke down under this strange and unexpected test. She gave him a frightened look, and put up her fan to hide her face. What was she to say?

"Please, Mr. Huntley," she faltered, "this is not the kind of subject to make jokes about."

"Do I look like a man who is joking?" he asked. "I do not complain; I have not a word to say. I suppose I have brought it upon myself, buying the delight of your society at any price I could get it for—even the dearest. And you talk to me about another man as if I were made of stone—a man who—"

"Stop, please," she said, faintly. "I may have been wrong. I never thought—but please don't say anything of him, whatever you may say to me."

"You are more afraid of a word breathed against him than of breaking my heart," said Fred, with some real emotion; and Kate sat still, thunderstruck, taking shelter behind her fan, feeling that every one was looking at her, and that her very ears were burning and tingling. Was he making love to her? she asked herself. Had he any intention of contesting John's supremacy? or was it a mere remonstrance, a complaint that meant nothing, an outcry of wounded pride and nothing more?

"Mr. Huntley," she said, softly, "if I have given you any pain, I am very sorry. I never meant it. You were so kind, I did not think I was doing wrong. Please forgive me; if there is any harm done it is not with my will."

"Do you think that mends matters?" said Fred, with now a little indignation mingling in his sadness. "If I put it into plain English, this is what it means:—I was something so insignificant to you, taken up as you were with your own love, that it never occurred to you that I might suffer. You never thought of me at all. If you had said you had meant it, and had taken the trouble to make me miserable, that would have been a little better; at least it would not have been contempt."

And he turned away from her and sat down at a little table near, and covered his face with his hand. What would everybody think? was Kate's first thought. Did he mean to hold her up to everybody's notice, to demonstrate that she had used him badly? She bore it a moment or two in her bewilderment, and then stretched across and touched him lightly with her fan. "Mr. Huntley, there are a great many people in the room," she said. "If we were alone you might reproach me; but surely we need not let these people know—and papa! Mr. Huntley, you know very well it was not contempt. Won't you forgive me—when I ask your pardon with all my heart?"

"Forgive you!" cried Fred; and he raised his head and turned to her, though he did not raise his eyes. "You cannot

think it is forgiveness that is wanted—that is mockery."

"Please don't say so! I would not mock you for all the world. Oh, Mr. Huntley, if it is not forgiveness, what is it?" cried Kate.

And then he looked at her with eyes full of reproach, and a certain appeal, while she met his look with incipient tears, with her child's gaze of wonder, and sorrow and eloquent deprecation. "Please forgive me," she said in a whisper. She even advanced her hand to him by instinct, with a shy, half-conscious movement, stopping short out of regard for the many pairs of eyes in the room, not for any other cause. "I am so very, very sorry," she said, and the water shone in her blue eyes like dew on flowers. Fred, though he was not emotional, was more deeply moved than he had yet been. Throughout all this strange interview, though he meant every word he said, he had yet been more or less playing a part. But now her ingenuous look overcame him. Something of the imbecility of tenderness came into his eyes. He made a little clutch at the finger-tips which had been held out to him, and would have kissed them before everybody, had not Kate given him a warning look, and blushed, and quickly drawn the half-offered hand away. She would not have drawn it away had they been alone. Would she have heard him more patiently, given him a still kinder response? Fred could not tell, but yet he felt that his first effort had not been made in vain.

It was Mr. Crediton himself who interrupted this *tête-à-tête*. He came up to them with a look which might have been mere curiosity, and might have been displeasure. "Kate," he said, gravely, "it seems to me you are neglecting your guests. Instead of staying in this favourite corner of yours, suppose you go and look after these young ladies a little. Mr. Huntley will excuse you, I am sure."

"I am so lazy, I am out of spirits; and so is Mr. Huntley; we have been condoling with each other," said Kate; but she got up, as she spoke, with her usual sweet alacrity, not sorry, if truth were told, to escape from this unexpected difficulty. "Keep my seat for me, papa, till I come back," she said, with her soft little laugh. Mr. Crediton did as he was told—he placed himself in her chair, and turned round to Fred and looked at him. While she tripped away to the other girls to resume her interrupted duties, her father and her new lover confronted each other, and cautiously investigated what the new danger was.

"My dear Huntley," said the elder man,



"I am sure your meaning is the most friendly in the world; but my daughter is very young, and she is engaged to be married; and, on the whole, I think it would be better that you did not appropriate her so much. Kate ought to know better, but she is very light-hearted, and fond of being amused."

"I don't think I have been very amusing to-night," said Fred. "Thanks, sir, for your frankness; but I am going away to-morrow, and I may claim a little indulgence, perhaps, for my last night."

"Going away to-morrow!" said Mr. Crediton, with surprise.

"Yes, I have no choice. Shall I say it is sudden business — a telegram from Oxford — a summons home? or shall I tell you the real reason, Mr. Crediton?" cried Fred, with emotion. "You have always been very good to me."

Mr. Crediton was startled, notwithstanding his habitual composure. He looked keenly at the young man, and saw what few people had ever seen — the signs of strong and highly-wrought feeling in Fred Huntley's face; and the sight was a great surprise to him. He had thought the two had been amusing themselves with a flirtation, a thing he did not approve of; but this must surely have gone beyond a flirtation. "If you have anything to say to me, come to the library after they have gone to bed," he said. Fred answered by a nod of assent, and the two separated without another word. Nor did Kate see the new claimant to her regard any more that night. He had disappeared when she had time to look round her, and recall the agitating interview which had broken the monotony of the evening. It came to her mind when she was talking, returning again and again amid the nothings of ordinary conversation. How strange it all was, how exciting! what a curious episode in the heaviest evening! And what did he, what could he, mean! And what would John think? And was it possible that Fred Huntley could feel like that — Fred, that man of the world? She was confused, bewildered, flattered, pleased, and sorry. It was a new sensation, and thrilled her through and through when she was rather in want of something to rouse her up a little. And she was so sorry for him! She almost hoped he would spring up from some corner, and be chidden and comforted, and made more miserable by the soft look of compassion she would give him — the "Pardon me!" which she meant to say; but Fred made no further appearance, and the Pardon me! was not said that night.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

It puzzled Kate very much next morning to find that Huntley had not reappeared. It was not in the nature of things that she could avoid thinking about him, and wondering over and over again what he could mean, — whether he was mystifying her — but that was impossible; or if it was really, actually true? The question came back to her mind again and again, thrusting itself into all her thoughts. Could it be true? And the fact was that she went downstairs a little earlier than usual, with a great curiosity in her mind as to how Fred would look, and whether she should see any traces in his face of last night's agitation. When she had taken this trouble, it may be supposed that it was hard upon her to find Fred absent; and she "did not like" — a new expression in Kate's vocabulary — to ask what had become of him. She caught herself looking at the door anxiously every time it opened, but he did not come. Some one at last relieved her anxiety by asking the point-blank question, "What has become of Huntley? has he gone away?" It was an idea which never had occurred to Kate. She looked up in blank dismay at the suggestion, and met her father's eye fully fixed upon her, and trembled, and felt that in two minutes more she must cry — not for Fred, but because he was decidedly an exciting new plaything, and he had gone away.

"Yes, he has gone away," said Mr. Crediton, "this morning, before some of us were out of bed. I have his farewells to make. He did not know it would be necessary for him to go when he left us last night."

"I hope there is nothing the matter at Westbrook," said one of Fred's intimates; but Kate did not say a word. The room swam round her for one moment. Gone away! Was it so serious as that, then? The self-possessed Fred, had matters been so grave with him that flight was his only refuge? She was so startled that she did not know what to think. She was sorry, and surprised, and fluttered, and excited, all in a breath. She did not pay any attention to the conversation for some minutes, though she was sufficiently mistress of herself to take the usual part in it, and go on dispensing cups of tea. Gone away! It was very fine, very honourable, very provoking of him. She had meant to bring him down to his level very kindly and skilfully, and cure him of all hopes, while still she kept him bound in a certain friendly chain. And now he had cut it all short,

and taken the matter into his own hands. It cannot be denied that Kate was a little vexed at the moment. No doubt, if she had been left alone she would have got over it in the course of the day, and recovered her composure, and thought no more of Fred Huntley than she had done two days ago; but she was not destined to be left to herself. The first thing that happened was that Mr. Crediton remained in the breakfast-room till everybody was gone, and called her to him. The most indulgent of fathers was looking somewhat stern, which was a thing of itself which utterly puzzled as well as dismayed the girl whom he had scarcely ever thwarted in the whole course of her life.

"Kate," he said, "you took no notice when I said Fred Huntley had gone away, so I suppose he told you why it was."

"He never said a word to me of going away, papa," faltered Kate.

"But you know the cause? and I hope it will be a warning to you," said Mr. Crediton. "I have seen this going on for some days, and I meant to have spoken to you. A girl in your position has no right to distinguish a man as you did poor Fred."

"But, dear papa," cried Kate, feeling very penitent yet very much flattered—as if somebody had paid her a very nice compliment, she said afterwards—"you cannot think it was my fault; I only talked to him like the rest. If I talked to him a little more, it was about—Mr. Mitford. And he knew all the time. How was I to suppose it could come to any harm?"

"Don't let me hear of any other man being taken in by your confounded confidences—about Mr. Mitford," said her father, with an amount of rudeness and contemptuous impatience, such as perhaps had never been shown to Kate before in all her life.

"Papa!" she cried, indignant, drawing herself up; but Mr. Crediton only said "Pshaw!" and went off and left her standing by herself, not knowing whether to cry or to be very angry, in the great empty room. He was wroth, and he was disposed rather to heighten than to subdue the expression of it. He wanted her to feel the full weight of his displeasure, rather a little more than less. For Fred Huntley would have suited him well enough for a son-in-law, if it was necessary to have such an article. He had distinguished himself already, and was likely still more to distinguish himself. He was thought of by the borough authorities as the new Member for Camelford. He was very well off, and could do everything that was right and

meet in the way of providing for his bride. He was in her own sphere. "Confound that Mitford!" Mr. Crediton said to himself as he left his daughter. It was bad enough to contemplate the possibility of ever resigning his child to John's keeping; but to throw aside a man he liked for him, exaggerated the offence. He went out, kicking Kate's favourite Skye terrier on his way, as angry men are apt to do. "As if it was poor Muffy that had done it!" Kate said, with the tears springing to her eyes. When she was thus left she called her injured terrier to her, and hugged it, and had a good cry. "You did not do it, did you, Muffy?" she said. "Poor dear dog! what had you to do with it? If a man chooses to be silly, are we to be kicked for it, Muffy *mie*? Papa is a great bear, and everybody is as unkind as they can be; and oh, I am so sorry about poor Fred!"

She got over her crying, however, and her regrets, and made herself very agreeable to a great many people for the rest of the day, and petted Muffy very much, and took no notice of her father, who, poor man, had compunctions; but by the time that evening arrived, Kate began to feel that the loss of Fred was a very serious loss indeed. He had timed his departure very cleverly. If Madeline Winton had still been there, it might have been bearable; for she would have had some one to open her heart to, notwithstanding that even to Madeline she had not been able to speak of John as she had indulged herself in doing to her "friend"—John's friend; somehow that was not the title which she now thought of giving to Fred Huntley. He had suddenly sprung into individuality, and held a distinct place of his own in her mind. She found herself thinking of him all through the evening, missing him a great deal more than she had any right to miss him, wondering what he would have said about this and that, longing to have him to talk to. She sat down in the same corner where he had placed her chair for her on the previous night, and was very silent and *distracted* and abstracted, not caring what the others did or said. And as she sat in that position, so much the same, yet so very different, it was impossible to keep her mind from going over all the particulars of the conversations which had turned out so important. Poor Fred! could it be possible that he was so fond of her? he who was not at all a tragical sort of personage, or one likely to do anything very much out of the way for love. What could he find in her to be fond of? Kate said to herself. He was not like John, who was ignorant of society. Fred Huntley had

seen heaps of other girls who were very pretty and very nice; and why was it that he had set his affections upon herself, Kate, whom he could not have? It seemed such a pity, such a waste of effort. "Madeline might have had him, perhaps," she said to herself, reflecting pensively in her easy-chair, with her fan at her lips to conceal their movement. Madeline as yet had no lover, and she was very nice and rather pretty, too. And it would have been perfectly suitable, "instead of coming making a fuss over me; and he can't have *me*," Kate added always within herself, with a sigh of suffering benevolence. It was hard he could not have her when he wanted her so very much. It was hard that everybody should not have everything they wanted. And it was odd, yet not unpleasant, that he should thus insist upon throwing away his love upon herself, who could not accept it, instead of giving it to Madeline, who might have accepted. How perverse the world was! Kate reflected as she sat and mused. And she was heartily sorry to cross Fred, and felt the most affectionate sympathy for him, poor fellow! It was so nice of him to be fond of her, though she could not give him any return. And if he had stayed and talked it over, instead of running away, Kate thought of a hundred things she could have said to him, as to the unreasonableness of falling in love with herself, and the good sense of transferring his love to Madeline. Somehow she did not quite expect he would have taken her advice; but still, no doubt, she would have set it before him in a very clear light, and got him to hear reason. And then he was very pleasant to talk to, and more amusing than anybody else at Fernwood. This feeling had never crept over her in respect to John. When he went away, she was sorry because he left her half in displeasure, and "had not enjoyed himself;" but she could not persuade herself that she had missed his company, missed a hundred things he would have said to her, as she did now. She was in reality almost relieved to be quit of the passionate eyes which followed her everywhere, and the demand which he made upon her for her society, for her very inmost self. But Fred made no such claims. Fred took what he could get, and was happy in it. He spared her trouble, and watched to see what her wants were, and was always ready to talk to her or to leave her alone, as her mood varied. Poor Fred! she sighed, feeling very, very sorry for him, with a half-tenderness of pity which young women accord only to those who are their personal victims. Perhaps she exaggerated his sufferings, as it

was natural to do. She sat and mused over him all that evening with her fan half concealing her face. "My dear, I am afraid you have a headache," one of the elder ladies said to her; and Kate acquiesced with a faint little smile. "It is the weather," she said, softly; and the old lady, taking her cue, sat down beside her, and discussed the same. "The changes are the worst," she said — "the thermometer at sixty one day, and next day below the freezing-point. And then, in an English house, it is so difficult to keep cold out."

"I hope your room is warm," Kate said suddenly, remembering her hostess-ship. "You must tell me if you find it chilly. There is such a difference in some of the rooms!"

"It is according to their aspect," said the old lady; "mine is very comfortable, I assure you. It is you young ones that expose yourselves to so many changes. If I were you, I would wrap up very warm, and keep indoors for a day or two. There is nothing like keeping in an equable temperature. I have no confidence in anything else."

"Thanks," Kate said, with a feeling of dreariness. Instead of Fred's conversation this was a poor exchange. And she grew more and more sorry for him, and more and more compassionate of herself as the evening stole on. Several of the people who interested her most had left within the last few days. There was but the moderate average of country-house visitors left; people who were not remarkable for anything — neither witty, nor pretty, nor particularly entertaining — and yet not to be complained of in any way. She did her duty to them as became Mr. Crediton's daughter, and was very solicitous to know that they were comfortable and had what they liked; but she missed Madeline, she missed Lady Winton, she missed her acrid old godfather, who was said to be fond of nobody but Kate; and, above all, she missed Fred Huntley — poor Fred!

A week had passed, somewhat weakening this impression, when Fred returned, quite as suddenly as he went away. He was seen walking up the avenue when the party were at luncheon, and Kate's heart gave a little jump at the sight of him. "Why, there is Huntley come back again!" some one cried; but he did not make his appearance at lunch; and it was only when he came into the drawing-room before dinner that Kate had any opportunity of seeing what change had been wrought in him by the discovery of his sentiments towards herself. Fred was playing a part; but, like every other

actor in life who plays his part well, had come to believe in it himself, and to feel it real. He came up to her with a certain confused but melancholy frankness. "Miss Crediton," he said, "I am afraid you cannot like to see me, but I have come about business. I would not for the world, for any other reason, have brought what must be an annoyance upon you." And then Kate had lifted to him a pair of very sympathetic, almost tender, eyes.

"Indeed I don't know why I should not like to see you," she said, quietly. "You have always been very kind to me."

"Kind!" he had answered, turning away with a gesture of impatience, and not another word passed between them until the evening was almost over, and all opportunity past. He was so slow, indeed, to take advantage of any opportunity, that Kate felt half angry — wondering had the man quite got over it? had he ever meant anything? But at the very last, when she turned her head unthinking, all at once she found his eyes upon her, and that he was standing close by her side.

"I suppose I must not ask for my old situation," he said, softly. "I have been a fool and forfeited all my advantages because I could not win the greatest. You used to speak to me once — of the subject most interesting to yourself."

"I don't think it would be in the least interesting to you *now*, Mr. Huntley," said Kate, not without a little pique in her voice.

"Ah, you don't know me," he said. "I think I could interest myself in anything that was interesting to you."

And then there was silence, in which Kate began to feel her heart beat, and wondered if this man could be an oyster, or if he could really be so inconceivably fond of her as to be thus concerned in all that concerned her happiness. It sounded like something in a romance; and yet Kate knew enough of life and society to know that romance sometimes gave but a very colourless picture of the truth.

"I hope you have heard lately," he went on, with a voice which was elaborately and yet not unnaturally subdued — for, as has been said, Fred had fully entered into the rôle he was playing — "and that all is going well."

Kate blushed, perhaps, more violently than she had ever blushed in her life before. If he was making this sacrifice of his feelings for her, surely it was needful for her to be true and sincere with him; and what

she had to say was mortifying to her pride. She looked at him stooping over her, and tried to read his face, and asked herself, with a simplicity that is natural to the sophisticated, whether here, once for all, she had found the friend who is equal to utter self-abnegation, and of whom in books one sometimes reads. A more simple-minded girl, probably, would not have looked for so self-sacrificing a lover, but Kate had been brought up with a persuasion of her own power to sway everybody to her will. "Mr. Huntley," she said, hurriedly, "I don't think I ought to speak to you on such a subject; but, indeed, I feel anxious, and I don't know what to do."

"Then do speak to me," he said, bending over her. "Do you think I care what happens to myself if I can be of use to you?"

There are sentiments of this heroic description which we would see the fallacy of at once if addressed to others, which yet seem natural spoken to ourselves. And Kate had always been so important to everybody about her. She looked up at him again, she faltered, she half turned away, and then, after all, she spoke.

"I don't know why I should tell you. I don't know what it means. I have not heard a single word from him, Mr. Huntley, since he went away."

A sudden gleam of light came into Fred's eyes, but he was looking down, and she only saw a ghost of it under his lowered eyelids. "That is very strange," he said.

"Do you think he can be ill? Do you think anything can have happened?" said Kate.

"He is not ill, he is at home at Fanshawe and his burns are getting better. I saw him yesterday," said Fred.

"At home! and he never told me. Oh, how unkind it is! It used to be every other day, and now it is nearly a fortnight. But why should you care?" cried Kate, really moved with sharp mortification, and not quite aware what she said.

"I care a great deal," he said, very low, and sighed. And Kate's heart was sore, and she was angry, and wounded, and for almost the first time in her life felt that she had a little pride in her nature. Did the other despise her to whom she had given her heart? Did he think she was not worthy even of courtesy? though other people were so far from thinking so. The tears began to spring up and flow apace in Kate's impatient heart.

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
OUR POOR RELATIONS.

CAN any one fancy what this world would be like if inhabited by no other animal but man?—the earth without its four-footed and its creeping things, the sea and the river vacant of their shy silvery gleams and far-darting shadows, the air void of the choral hum of insects and the song of birds? What a dismal hush in creation! what a multitudinous charm and delight wanting to the woods, the fields, the shallows, and the deeps! What glory lost to the grass with the spotted ladybirds, the mail-clad beetles, and the slender grass-hoppers! What splendour gone from the flower with the bronzed and fire-tipt bee that fed on its heart, and the painted butterfly that hovered above its petals! How dull had been Eden for Adam with nothing breathing but Eve, and all the rest of creation inanimate—no voice but that of the wind or the thunder—no motion but the flow of the stream, the floating of the clouds, the waving of the trees! The earth would have been silent as a picture; the forest and the plain, the mountain and the lake, forlorn, tremendous, insupportable solitudes—solitudes that none would have sought, since there could have been neither hunters nor fishers, herdsmen nor shepherds.

In far other measure has the gift of life been poured forth upon the earth. All the generations of all the tribes of men are but a handful to the myriads of creatures which to-day, to-morrow, and every day, haunt land, air, and water, till inanimate nature teems with the sentient vitality that lends it all its interest and all its significance. A leaf holds a family, a clod a community, and there is material for the speculations of a lifetime in the tenants of the neighbouring meadow, and of the brook that waters it. The unclouded heavens would be oppressive in their vastness and loneliness but for those frequent travellers high in air, the rook, the raven, or rarer heron, that flap their untiring way onwards till they melt again into the blue depths out of which they grew upon the sight. The bare white cliffs are no longer barren when their clangorous population of chough and kittiwake and daw are abroad in the sunshine; and the black storm-cloud, coming up on the blast behind its veil of rain, gains a beauty which before it had not, as it throws into relief the white wing of the sea-gull. Nay, in some countries where calm and sunshine are more permanent conditions of the atmosphere than here, we learn that the regions of air are not only a highway, but a home. Sir Samuel Baker observes that when an animal is slain in

the Nubian wilderness, within a few seconds a succession of birds, hitherto invisible, descend on the prey, and always in the same order. First the black-and-white crow arrives, then the buzzard, then the small vulture, lastly the marabout stork. "I believe," says Sir Samuel, "that every species keeps to its own particular elevation, and that the atmosphere contains regular strata of birds of prey, who, invisible to the human eye at their enormous height, are constantly resting upon their widespread wings and soaring in circles, watching with telescopic sight the world beneath." It is like a tale born of Persian or Arabian fantasy to hear that above the traveller in the desert hangs a huge mansion, "impalpable to feeling as to sight," with its basement, its first and second floors, its attics, and its turrets; or (to vary the image) that the social system of the atmosphere comprises its lower orders, its middle classes, and its upper ten thousand.

It is a pleasant, if somewhat extravagant, fancy, to figure to one's self man dwelling amid his fellow-tenants of the earth in completest harmony, the friend and companion of some, the protector of others, the harmer of none, the intelligent observer of all. Who shall say what new unforeseen relations might not have been established between us and our humble friends on this basis of confidence and affection? Who shall say that they might not have revealed to us that secret which they have guarded since the creation—the secret of their instincts and their ways; what their notions are of the world, of each other, and of man; and, how far they look before and after? It was one of Hawthorne's prettiest wild fancies, that Donatello, the descendant of the old Fauns, and the partial inheritor of their sylvan nature, still held kinship with the untamed creatures of the woods, and could draw them into communion with him by the peculiar charm of his voice. Every one who has domesticated some strange shy creature can testify to the wealth of character which it came to display in the ripening warmth of intimacy; and several naturalists (by which term we are far from intending to signify the dissectors of frogs, the scientific experimenters on the nerves and muscles of dogs, or the impalers of beetles and butterflies) have recorded their pleasant experiences of these connections. Thus one of them, in spite of ancient prejudice and proverbial adjectives, has elicited fine social qualities in a bear; another has owned a beaver of such intelligence that it might almost have been persuaded to become a Christian; while Mrs. Southey, whose taste



in this particular we respect rather than like, kept a toad (a practice which we had thought to be peculiar to old ladies who are in league with the devil), and grew so fond of the unpromising associate as to celebrate its virtues in verse. What diversity and distinctness of character in the poet Cowper's three hares! Could any amount of hare-soup, *civet de lièvre*, jugged hare, or roast hare, that ever figured at a century of city feasts; have made amends to the world for the want of the affectionate record of their social qualities? Yet many a Pass, Tiney, and Bess, as full of whim and play and individuality as they, perishes unappreciated in every day of cover-shooting, or is run into, in the open, by heartless and indiscriminating beagles. Especially in their early youth are the four-footed peoples lovely and of good report — not to mention such obvious examples as the soft graces of kittens, the pretty stiff friskings of lambs, like toys in motion (all the lamb family are as full of quaint fun as Charles himself), and the clumsy geniality of puppies, the rule will be found elsewhere of pretty general application.

Young pigs are delightful — their gambols, and squeaky grunts, and pokings in the straw, and relations with their mother and brethren, are marked with a grave facetiousness all their own, though the spectator who would enjoy them must be careful to ignore the sensual aldermanic life of the mature porker. Young donkeys, on the other hand, are by so much the more charming, as being invested with the *patkos* (quite awaiting to the pigling) of the future hard existence that is pretty certain to await each member of the race as a poor man's drudge. Foxes, in private life, and apart from their public merits as main supporters of a great national institution, are full of estimable qualities, as many a poacher who, watching for other game, has noted Mrs. Reynard unbending in the moonlight with her young family, might testify; and a little fox, with his face full of a grave sweet intelligence which is as yet undebased by the look of worldly astuteness conspicuous in after-life, is one of the prettiest sights in the world. Domesticated, they develop, in addition to their native sagacity, a most affectionate attachment to those who are kind to them; and though, owing to personal peculiarities, their society is most agreeable when the visitor approaches them from windward, yet acquaintance with a fox will always repay cultivation. Going further afield for examples of unobtrusive merit, what a wealth of humour is comprised in the phrase, "A wildness of monkeys"! What endless

fun, what fresh comedy, what brilliant farce, what infinity of by-play and private jesting, quite beyond the reach of our most popular comedians, is being for ever enacted in those leafy theatres where they hold their untiring revels! How little are they dependent on the stimulus of a sympathetic audience, how free from the vulgarity of playing at the gallery, how careless about splitting the ears of the groundlings, how careful always to hold the mirror up to nature and to man! Hamlet could have given them no advice that would have been of service. On the contrary, they would have been spoiled by being "sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought" — a metaphysical monkey, mooning over his barren philosophy, would sit in dismal discord with the surrounding fun. Even in captivity the merry race cultivate the drama, and the audiences about the great cages in the Jardin des Plantes or our own Zoological are never disappointed in the performance. It was on a Sunday last summer, that we witnessed, in the monkey-house in the Regent's Park, a piece, the serious cast of which was, on Shakespearean principles, relieved by passages of lighter matter. Perched on their poles engaged in mutual friendly investigation, or swinging airily on ropes, the community was unusually quiet, while a female monkey, not the least of whose attractions was a roseate flush which spread itself over part of her else russet-gray person, was engaged in deep flirtation with a cavalier whose nether-monkey was of a tender green shading into gold. The impassioned Romeo, chattering voluble protestations, followed the coy but loquacious Juliet, while that *lasciva puella* pelted him in retiring with orange-peel, nutshells, and straws, till they arrived beneath a branch along which lay extended another monkey, who watched the pair attentively. He may have been a rival, like the County Paris, or a dissatisfied relative, like Tybalt, or possibly he may have resented as an injury and a slight any preference of other attractions to his own, for he presented to the curious eye some embellishments of brilliant azure. Be that as it may, without the slightest warning he dropped like a plummet on the enamoured pair, and, seizing Romeo, bit him in his gorgeous hinder parts. The injured swain, turning with an appalling grin, grappled his assailant. Juliet fled shrieking, and her outcries, mingling with the noise of combat, conveyed the tidings of the strife to all the cage, and "spread the truth from pole to pole." Thereupon all the other monkeys, leaving their own private concerns, vaulted from rope and perch towards the scene of

action, where, with shrill clamour, they precipitated themselves on the combatants, and joined in a general fray; — while an elderly and morose baboon, delayed by age and infirmity, arrived rather later, and, armed with a stick, belaboured all indiscriminately who came within his reach. Shortly after, we beheld, in a neighbouring cage, a monkey, of dark attenuated figure, clinging with hands and feet, like a gigantic hairy spider, to the wire roof, apparently absorbed in meditation, while his tail hung perpendicularly down to the length of about a yard. This appendage offered irresistible attractions to a friend upon a neighbouring rope, who, after long earnestly surveying it as he swung, reached it in one wild leap, and, grasping it with both hands, proceeded to use it as the vehicle of an animated gymnastic performance. The sage above, noways discomposed, slowly turned his head, and, after a patronizing glance at the pendent aerobat, resumed the thread of his meditations. Possibly this was intended as a practical illustration of the feat known to logicians as “jumping at a conclusion.” But whether grave or gay, the charm of undomesticated animals is, that they show us their nature fresh from the Fashioner, unmodified by education, or the opinion of others, or any influence which might make them wish to seem other than they are; and they follow their sports, their matings, the shaping of their abodes, their parental cares, the purveying of their food, their slumbers and flights and perambulations, their relations to their fellows, whether gregarious or solitary, with absolute independence of all impulses except those which inspired the first of their race.

The idea of a paradise of animals who move without fear round the central figure of man is not altogether fanciful, for something like it has been witnessed from time to time by lost crews, or storm-driven mariners, who reach, Crusoe-like, a haven in some hitherto unexplored province of Ocean. Birds of strange plumage come out to welcome the solitary figure in the boat, to perch on the prow, and to herald its progress; it nears the shore of the far antarctic region amid a crowd of gamesome seals, like the ear of Amphitrite conducted by a procession of Tritons. On the sands sit sea-lions, gazing with their solemn eyes at man, like conscript fathers receiving a foreign envoy; penguins waddle in his path; the greater and lesser albatross come floating by, turning a bright fearless glance on him. Or, in warmer regions, dolphins are his *avant couriers*; at his approach, turtles broad of back scarce quit their eggs in the

sand to crawl into the water; the gaudy parrots and creamy-crested cockatoos scream inquiry, not indignation, from the branches; the wood-pecker scarce pauses in his tapping; the shining dove ceases not to woo his mate; the apes chatter a welcome, and grin not less affably than many a host and hostess who desire to give the guest a hospitable reception. We have ourselves, in the depths of Canadian forests, amid pines “hidden to the knees” in snow, seen the white hare pause to look at us as she hopped past a few yards off; the tree-grouse glancing downward from a blanch close by with an air of courteous inquiry; and the spruce-partridges never disturbing the order in which they sat on the boughs as our snow-shoes crunched the crisp surface underneath — a confidence but ill requited, for an Indian, who guided us in those trackless woods, ascending the tree, and beginning with the bird that sat lowest, plucked off, by means of a stick and a noose, several in succession, passing the fatal loop round their necks with a skill worthy of Calcraft. Not to us does this kind of tameness seem shocking, as it did to lonely Crusoe, but rather delightful, because proof of the innocence that imagines no evil; and very touching, because it betrays the simple creature which one might think it ought to protect.

In fact, the relations between man and his co-tenants of the globe would have been altogether delightful but for one unlucky circumstance — a circumstance which, far from being inevitable or natural, is one of the insoluble problems of the earth, and has caused a terrible jar and discord in creation — namely, the fact that one animal is food for another. No doubt, as matters stand, beasts and birds of prey must follow their nature; the tearing of flesh and the picking of bones are the correlatives of fangs and grinders, beaks and talons; and the comparative anatomist is compelled to coincide with that practical Yankee, who, being told that in the days of the millennium the lion and the lamb will lie down together, said, “he expected the lamb would lie down inside the lion.” Nor is there any sign of relaxation in the vigour with which man continues to devour fish, flesh, and fowl; and no individual human stomach reaches maturity without sacrificing whole hecatombs of victims by the way. If we (the present writer) were to make any pretence to a virtuous distate for flesh, we should justly be rebuked by the thought of all the slayings and cookings that our presence in the world has caused, and will yet cause. All the yet unborn, unlittered, and un-

hatched creatures that will be trussed and jointed, skewered, basted, roasted, boiled, grilled, and served up, to keep our single soul and body together, might very properly low, bleat, grunt, gobble, quack, cackle, and chirp us the lie in our throat. In particular might we be haunted and humbled by the memory of our carnivorous desires on that evening when, having toiled all day on foot from Martigny up the Great St. Bernard, we sat, hungry and weary, a solitary guest, with one sad monk for host, in the huge dining-hall of the Hospice. We were hungry with the hunger of those snow-clad altitudes; succulent visions of stew and cutlet floated before our fancy; and when an attendant bore into the twilight hall a tray with many dishes, we blessed the pious memory of the sainted Bernard. Our gratitude cooled a little with the soup, which seemed to be compounded of grass and warm water; the remains of some cold pudding, of a kind suitable for infants, followed; then some slices of potato fried in oil; then a ragout of the green products of the Italian ditches; till at length, in the growing darkness, a plate was placed before us on which glimmered some small brown patches which might be diminutive cutlets, or sliced kidneys, or possibly bits of baked meat. Into the nearest we plunged our fork — shade of Dalgetty, it was a stewed prune! A dried apple, we believe, concluded the repast, but we did not eat it. As to grace, Amen stuck in our throat; and we had rather not repeat the epithets which we breathed to our pillow that night in honour of the canonized founder of the feast. Nor among our gastronomic recollections should we omit the time when, on a foreign strand, where we had subsisted for some days chiefly on the cabbages of the country, and were lying, sick and jaundiced and void of all desire for food, in our tent, we were driven by some strange perverse impulse to devise an infinite number of bills of fare, composed of the choicest viands, to be partaken by the choicest guests, whenever we should again sit in the cheerful warmth of a certain club in Pall Mall; visions since in great part realized. When, therefore, we argue that the juxtaposition of the words "animal food" expresses a disastrous condition of our existence, the candid reader will understand that we make no pretence to have discovered an alternative, or to be exempt from the common misfortune.

To a race of vegetarian men surrounded by vegetarian animals — herds from which they demanded only milk, flocks, whose sole tribute was their fleece, and poultry which supplied nothing but eggs to the board —

the idea of depriving creatures of life in order to eat them would probably seem monstrous and repulsive. But custom will reconcile us to anything; the Fans feast on their nearest relatives with as little disgust as we on a haunch or a sirloin; and if bills of fare prevailed among that interesting people, a *rôt* of aged grandfather, an *entrée* of curried aunt, or sucking-nephew's head *en tortue*, would be as much matters of course as our ordinary dishes. But, notwithstanding the omnivorous conformation of the human teeth, and the all-assimilative faculty of the human stomach, it is scarcely to be imagined that man, placed in a paradise of roots and fruits, herbs and grain, honey and spices, milk and wine, would have originated of himself the idea of killing and eating animals. He may have been first corrupted by the bad example of the *carnivora*. The spectacle of a tiger rending a kid, or an eagle a pigeon, may have habituated him to connect the ideas of slaughter and food; next, his imitative propensities may have kindled the desire to perform the process himself; and, the imagination thus depraved, any remaining scruples would speedily vanish, in time of dearth, before the impulse of a craving stomach. But however the custom may have arisen, we are not left in any doubt as to the dietary habits of our primeval ancestors. The earliest trace of man on the earth is the flint weapon with which he slew the bear, the deer, and the beaver, whose bones strew the site of his dwellings. His first garments were torn from the backs they grew on. His first business was the chase. Natural philosophers tell us that a habit, accidental at first, grows, in the course of transmission, into the nature, and becomes a characteristic. It was perhaps in this way that the germ of destructiveness, implanted by instant and ever-pressing necessity in the aboriginal breast, struck such deep root that, in all succeeding ages, every corner of the inhabited earth has been a shambles, and the rest of animated creation has been compelled to accept from man either subjection or persecution — persecution often pushed even to extermination. In the pride of that power which, through the faculty of speech, man possesses, of combining forces and transmitting knowledge, he has exercised ruthlessly his dominion over the beast of the field and the fowl of the air. Wherever he has held sway, there have all other creatures drawn their painful breath in subjection, unchampioned and unpitied. If in that imaginary paradise of animals we have already sketched, we simply introduce the figure of a NATIVE,

the whole scene changes. That lean, low-browed, flat-nosed caricature of humanity, more like a painter's lay figure than a sculptor's model — full of propensities much viler than those of the animals around him — selfish, remorseless, faithless, treacherous — is monarch of all he surveys. The birds have learnt the power of the poisoned arrow — the beasts have a wholesome dread of the ambush and the snare. That bronze-coloured being, distinguished from the ape chiefly by superior malevolence and articulate speech, walks surrounded by a wide circle of fear.

The creatures around him have learnt, and taught their young, the lesson that he is as malignant as he is powerful. Only give him time, and he will depopulate whole regions of their animals. The gigantic Moa no longer stalks over the hills of New Zealand. The moose disappears from the east of the American continent as the buffalo from the west. South Africa, that used to teem with wild herds, crowding the wide landscape up to the horizon, and astounding the traveller with the magnificent spectacle of tribes of antelopes, zebras, and giraffes hiding the plain, elephants and rhinoceroses browsing securely amid the clumps of trees, and hippopotamuses swarming in the rivers, has, since the negroes were supplied with guns, been almost swept of its game, and in some parts not only have the birds disappeared, but the very moles and mice are growing scarce. In fact, in all lands the savage gluts himself with slaughter. Nor is his civilized brother behind him in the propensity to destroy, which nothing but the interest of proprietorship avails to check. Everywhere it is absolutely a capital crime to be an unowned creature. Darwin tells us that "when the Falkland Islands were first visited by man, the large wolf-like dog (*Canis antarcticus*) fearlessly came to meet Byron's sailors, who, mistaking their ignorant curiosity for ferocity, ran into the water to avoid them; *even recently, a man, by holding a piece of meat in one hand and a knife in the other, could sometimes stick them at night.*" Beautiful attitude of humanity! In those parts of America where game-laws do not exist the game has almost disappeared; in France the small birds have been destroyed, to the great joy and prosperity of the insects and caterpillars; in England the interests of game-preserving have proscribed the owl, the falcon, the eagle, the weasel, and a host of other tenants of the woods. Generations ago the bustard had vanished from our downs, and within the memory of man the last pair of wheatears were shot in Sussex. The act

which has of late come to be stigmatized as "bird-murder," still, in rural districts, casts a halo of glory round the perpetrator; and we frequently read how "Mr. James Butcher, gamekeeper at Longears, lately shot a fine specimen of the golden eagle;" or how "our respected fellow-townsmen, Mr. Noodle, killed, last Wednesday, the only hoopoe that has visited this part of the country for many years." Nightingales, so common in the south of England, have not spread so far westward as Devonshire; and an idiot once wrote to the papers to announce that he had just succeeded in killing one which had been guilty of straying within the confines of that county, "as it was singing on the top of a thorn." Sometimes, in distant seas, new tracts of coast have been discovered abounding in seals, and straightway crews of enterprising mariners have arrived armed with spears and clubs, who have wallowed in slaughter, never ceasing to stab and strike till all that hapless and harmless life was extinct, no tenants again for ever lending cheer to those desolate shores, the grey lonely sea no more rippled by their sports. Wherever there is no law for the river or the lake, the inhabitants of the flood disappear — even the countless tribes of the ocean are being rapidly thinned by the insatiate rapacity of man.

But not for his bodily needs alone has the human animal been so lavish in destroying others. His spiritual interests have also demanded much of that kind of prodigality. A devil, under one name or another, lies at the root of many religions; and many, in their infancies, have recognized the duty of propitiating the unseen powers by sacrifice. Deeply convinced, and with good reason, of the tremendous power of evil in human affairs; feeling in his own lot how irresistible is the force of malignant influences, how futile his efforts to evade them, — man has soon learned to associate the supernatural power which he dreads, with delight in inflicting pain; and, accustomed to slay creatures for his own wants, he next conceives the idea of slaying them for the satisfaction of his sanguinary gods. In most lands the supplications of the savage to his deity are written in blood; and his petitions, often foolish and often wicked, are thought to be more palatable if they ascend in the smoke of burnt-offerings. As civilization advances, sacrifice grows more ceremonial — butchery becomes a priestly function; and the ancient world was filled with blood-stained altars, the mythology of its peoples with prescribed modes of reverential slaughter, and the assignment to particular deities of

particular victims. It was natural that the idea of propitiation by vicarious suffering should extend till it included man himself; and had the oxen, and lambs, and kids, and birds, whose fellows bled so constantly as votive offerings, been capable of sharing the strictly human gratification of revenge, they would have found ample opportunity for exulting in the spectacle of men sacrificed by their fellows. "Moloch, horrid king," has been worshipped, though not always under that name, in many lands, and in many ages; his grinning image has looked down on Druids with their wicker idols filled with victims, and on Aztec priest laying hearts yet beating on his altar-stone. Even in our day, his votary the Thug makes assassination the chief article of religion, and the king of Dahomey floats his consecrated canoe in human blood. There was a profound meaning, and one applicable to the history of our race, in Hogarth's representation of different stages in atrocity, where the hero, beginning with cruelty, ends with murder.

Nevertheless, in all his slayings and his sacrifices, man has had standing between him and reprobation the plea of the hard conditions of life, which rendered his acts natural and necessary, and therefore not degrading. Even when the chase, as in the great huntings of the Asiatic monarchs, left the plain laden with carcases, this was still only the excess of a propensity easy to be justified. But perhaps, in course of time, the habit of looking on the whole animal world as absolutely subject to the convenience of man, and of regarding the infliction of death with indifference, developed a latent germ in our mysterious nature, whereupon a new human quality — namely, CRUELTY — sprang up and greatly flourished. No doubt it had, in the congenial soil of individual human breasts, in all times found its habitat: natures partaking so much more of the demon than the god as to find enjoyment in the contemplation of pain, must always have been but too plentiful. But in course of time this poisonous offspring of a bad heart came, in gardeners' language, to be "bedded out" in national institutions, such as the Flavian and other amphitheatres, our own bear-baitings, bull-baitings, badger-baitings, rat-killings, and cock-fights, the arenas of Eastern princes, and the bull-rings of Spain; and whole peoples were trained in the main doctrine of devil-worship — namely, that it is delightful to inflict or to witness agony. All the aid which grandeur of architecture, pomp of ceremonial, the sanction of authority, and the keen expectation and high-

strung interest which are engendered in the holiday assemblies of multitudes, could lend to develop cruelty and quench humanity, was afforded by these great spectacles. Rome transferred to the huge circus on these occasions her statecraft, her priesthood, her beauty, her lofty patrician airs and graces, her jolly plebeian merriment; fresh garlands, new togas, gay girdles, splendid robes, and brilliant gems, made the wide sweep of the amphitheatre a circle of splendour. Into the sand-strewn space below crowded the bewildered inhabitants of the forest and the desert — the slow-stalking elephant, the giraffe with its towering form and gentle eyes, the sleek slinking tiger, the sturdy undaunted boar, the plumed ostriches hurrying hither and thither in search of an outlet. Brilliant thus far the spectacle — but interesting to "those bold Romans" only for its promise of slaughter; and their enjoyment was incomplete till the bright fur was dabbled in blood, the huge forms still in death, the feathers strewn on the sand; and then, from full and grateful hearts, they applauded the imperial purveyor of the sport, the good old monarch Tiberius, who went home to spend the evening in torturing some slaves, or the most sweet youth Domitian, who had been killing flies in his palace all the morning. And in the *Plazas de Toros* of Ronda, Seville, or Madrid, the modern spectator may realize no small portion of the magnificence of the amphitheatres of the old world, and may see, joyous and eager as ever, the spirit that delights in blood. This consecration of cruelty could not but react on the people; torture was a refined, and at the same time a cheap, pleasure. Poverty itself, debarred from such luxuries as elephants and ostriches, could at least procure cats, rats, birds, and frogs; and wherever there was a defenceless animal and a few ingenuous youth, there was a small Colosseum. It was natural that a people thus trained should demand, for the full satisfaction of their desires, the blood of gladiators and captives.

No longer sacrificing to the ancient gods, we still lay living offerings on the shrine of the chief divinity in modern mythology — namely, Science. The most virtuous among us agree (not without a certain air of pious satisfaction at the supposed necessity) that it is lawful to dissect live animals for the benefit of humanity. Where the sanctioning law is to be found we know not, and it was certainly made without reference to the parties principally concerned, which seems hardly consonant with the spirit of modern legislation. It may, how-



ever, be granted that when some great discovery is the result, the wrong may be, if not justified, excused — that, when Bell succeeds in demonstrating the functions of the brain, we may agree not to inquire too closely into the number of living creatures whose nerves of motion and sensation were laid bare and pricked with needles during the investigation. Neither can we altogether condemn that discoverer when we find him preparing to procure a monkey on which to practise the operation that goes by his name (Bell's, not the monkey's) for the cure of squinting — though, of course, the monkey would not care though the whole human race squinted. But after excepting a few great names, we fear there are still throughout the surgical and veterinary professions numerous diligent inquirers, who, without the intellect necessary to penetrate the secrets of science, are engaged in the pursuit of delusions, or of crochets, or of matters unimportant if true, and on such grounds do not hesitate to submit animals to the most prolonged and horrible tortures. The professional gentleman who is known to be engaged in such practices may very fairly be suspected of indulging a taste under the sanction of a duty; for it is hardly to be believed that anybody who did not enjoy vivisection for its own sake would submit his nature to what would be such violence, unless under the pressure of a very exceptionally powerful motive. The miscreants of the veterinary colleges of Lyons and Alfort, for example, who habitually performed many most terrible operations, some of them of no possible application as remedies, on the same living horse, and who warmly resented interference, must have found a horrid relish in their vile vocation. In a letter published in a journal devoted to the interests of animals, we find one of the principal surgeons of the Hotel Dieu, M. le Docteur M — (we are sorry we cannot give his honourable name) reported as saying that studies and experiments are always made on living animals; and that there is a class of men who live by catching stray dogs and selling them to be operated on, five or six operations being often performed on the same animal. "Sometimes," said the doctor, "I have taken pity upon the poor brutes; they showed so much intelligence, and seemed to think I was operating upon them to do them good. In such cases I have occasionally kept them, but usually I turn them into the street." Is it uncharitable to hope that the next dog operated on may be rabid, and may bite this scientific inquirer? There is a well-

known piteous case, too, of an English vivisector who operated on his own dog while it licked the hand that continued to dissect it.

But there is yet another class of these votaries of science, called Naturalists, to whom no kind of creature that can be classified comes amiss as a victim, from a butterfly to a hippopotamus. Armed sometimes with a rifle, sometimes less expensively with a pin, they go forth into strange lands to collect what they call the "fauna." Millions of moths, before they have fluttered out half their brief existence in the sunshine, are secured by these sportsmen, and impaled in boxes. Lizards and other reptiles suspected of differing from the rest of their race, are put to death without mercy. The rarity of various birds, and the splendour of their plumage, are held to be sufficient grounds for their execution. So earnest in their pursuit are these gentlemen, that we have sometimes, when reading their own account of their doings, suspected that they would have scrupled little to add a stray Native now and then to their collection, provided they did not thereby expose themselves to the penalties of murder. We will here give some extracts from the recent work of a naturalist, which is in many respects agreeable and entertaining, premising that the "Mias" who figures in them is a gigantic ape (the orang-outang, we believe,) a native of Borneo, living for the most part inoffensively on the products of the woods; and that only a single case is quoted in the book of any of the race having injured mankind, in which one that was intercepted in its retreat to a tree, and stabbed with spears and hacked with axes, resented these playful aggressions so far as to bite one of its assailants in the arm. This is the account of the result of a great many shots fired by the naturalist at a Mias who was making off through the branches of the tall trees: — "On examination we found he had been dreadfully wounded. Both legs were broken, one hip-joint and the root of the spine completely shattered, and two bullets were found flattened in his neck and jaws! Yet he was still alive when he fell."

Another of these subjects of scientific investigation was thus treated: —

"Two shots caused this animal to loose his hold, but he hung for a considerable time by one hand, and then fell flat on his face, and was half buried in the swamp. For several minutes he lay groaning and panting, and we stood close round, expecting every breath to be his last. Suddenly, however, by a violent effort, he raised himself up, causing us all to step back a

yard or two, when, standing nearly erect, he caught hold of a small tree, and began to ascend it. Another shot through the back caused him to fall down dead. A flattened bullet was found in his tongue, having entered the lower part of the abdomen, and completely traversed the body, fracturing the first cervical vertebra. Yet it was after this fearful wound that he had risen and begun climbing with considerable facility."

This was the fate of another of these unfortunates:—

"We found a Mias feeding in a very lofty darion tree, and succeeded in killing it after eight shots. Unfortunately it remained in the tree, hanging by its hands; and we were obliged to leave it and return home, as it was several miles off. As I felt pretty sure it would fall during the night, I returned to the place early the next morning, and found it on the ground beneath the tree. To my astonishment and pleasure, it appeared to be a different kind from any I had yet seen."

Perhaps the reader whose sensibilities are as yet unaffected by science, may think that these are very shocking penalties for the crime of being a Mias, and of possessing an anatomical structure much coveted by museums; and may feel disposed (parodying Madame Roland) to exclaim, "O Science, what deeds are done in thy name!"

In those days (says an Oriental fabulist in the least known of his apologues which we have taken the trouble to translate from the original Arabic), when certain sages were acquainted with the language of animals (an accomplishment which they inherited from Solomon, who is well known to have added this to his other stores of wisdom), it naturally came to pass that, not only did men know something of the thoughts of birds and beasts, but to birds and beasts were imparted some of the ideas of men, and, among others, that of a devil or malignant power who is the source of evil. Much impressed with the reality of the ills of life, and the expediency of lessening them, the fowls and brutes resolved to seek some means of propitiating the being who exercised over them so baleful an influence. Accordingly they held a convocation to debate the matter, and it being necessary, as a first step, to gain a more definite idea of the nature and attributes of this malevolent power, different classes of animals were called on to describe the ills they chiefly suffered from, that their misfortunes might thus be traced to a common source. The Lion, as the representative of beasts of prey, declared that he would have nothing to complain of, game being plentiful, were it not for the accursed hunters

with their devices, which left him no peace. The Antelope said that the class of wild creatures to which he belonged would be content to match their own vigilance and swiftness against the craft and strength of their four-footed persecutors, but that they could not contend with the terrible ingenuity of man, who, in his pursuit of them, had even called other animals to his aid; and that, whereas a beast of prey molested them only for the satisfaction of his individual needs, man was insatiate in slaughter. The Birds were of one consent that they feared little the hostility of animals, but that snares and traps rendered their lives a burden by causing them to distrust every mouthful they ate. The Sheep, as the mouthpiece of a large class of domestic animals, declared that he was well cared for, fed, and protected from harm, but that he paid a heavy price for these favours by living in constant expectation of the inevitable and extremely premature moment when he would become mutton. The Horse averred that he also was well cared for, and that, moreover, his life, unlike the sheep's, was insured so long as he had health and strength, but (motioning with his muzzle towards the saddle-marks on his back and the spur-galls on his flanks) that his life was deprived of savour by being one of perpetual slavery. The Dog said that his lot might perhaps seem the happiest of all, in being the companion of his master, but that in reality he had more to lament than any of them, since protection was only granted to him on condition that he should aid in the destruction of his fellow-brutes. A great mass of information having been accumulated in this way, the assembly seemed still as far as ever from discovering the object of its inquiry, when an ancient Raven, of vast repute for wisdom, hopping to a loftier branch, desired to speak. "My friends," he croaked, "what we are seeking lies under our very noses. I perceive what this power of evil is, and how futile will be all attempts to propitiate it, for it is clear that Man, insatiate Man, is our Devil!"

Yet, in truth, is Nature often no less harsh than man in dealing with her inarticulate offspring. To them (as indeed to us) she shows fitful favour, capricious severity. In one zone animal life seems all happiness, in another all misery. It is a pleasure to a care-laden, tax-hampered citizen merely to think how, under certain conditions of adaptation to climate, whole tribes of creatures, countless in number, revel in the opulence and prodigality of food, of air, of sunshine, and of sport;—the task of supporting life is so easy as to leave them infi-

nite leisure for enjoying it;—they are as Sandwich Islanders, into whose simple untaught methods of making existence pleasure no missionary can ever introduce the jarring element of a half-awakened conscience. As Shelley heard in the notes of the skylark “clear, keen joyance,” “love of its kind,” and “ignorance of pain,” and exhausted himself in sweet similitudes for the small musician that “panted forth a flood of rapture so divine”—so, had we had gift, we might discern elements as rare in the lives of various races, but which, owing to the accident of wanting a grammatical language, they are unable to reveal to us. What a descriptive poem must the Eagle have in him, who, sailing in ether, miles beyond our ken, sees earth beneath him as a map, and through gaps in the clouds catches blue glimpses of the ocean and yellow gleams of the desert! Often, while resting on his great pennons in the serene blue, has he seen a thunderstorm unroll its pageant beneath him, and watched the jagged lightning as it darted earthward. (Tom Campbell was once taken up by an eagle near Oran, and, coming safely down, described what he had seen in immortal verse). Those hermit birds which live by lonely streams in wild valleys, like the ouzel and the kingfisher, must be full of delicate fancies—fancies very different from those, which must be very delicate also, that visit the nomads of the air, such as the swallow, the cuckoo, and the quail, with their large experience of countries and climes and seas. How delicious, how ever fresh, how close to nature, the life of the sea-fowl whose home is some cliff fronting the dawn, and who, dwelling always there, yet sees infinite variety in the ever-changing sky and sea—flapping leisurely over the gentle ripples in the morning breeze—alighting in the depths which mirror the evening sky so placidly as to break into circles round the dip of his wing—piercing, like a ray, the silver haze of the rain-cloud—lost in the dusky bosom of the squall—blown about like a leaf on the storm which strews the shore with wrecks—and, next day, rising and falling in the sunshine on the curves of the swell! Turning from air to earth, the very spirit of Tell—the spirit of independence bred of the pure sharp air of mountain solitudes and the stern aspect of the snow-clad pinnacles—must live in the Chamois who seeks his food and pastime on the verge of immeasurable precipices. Grand also, but infinitely different, the solitary empire of some shaggy lord of the wilderness, on whose ease none may intrude, and who stalks through life surrounded by images of flight and terror—

glowing always with the gloomy rage of the despot—a despot careless of hereditary right, elected by nobody's suffrage, relying on no strength but his own, and absolutely indifferent to public opinion. Below these lofty regions of animal grandeur, but quite within the circle of comfort and happiness, dwell an infinite number of creatures, some finding their felicity in flocks or herds, some in retiring into strict domestic seclusion with the mate of their choice, some in exercising the constructive faculties with which they are so mysteriously and unerringly endowed. The conies are but a feeble folk, yet they may have their own ideas of household suffrage in those close burrows of theirs, and could doubtless chronicle much that would be valuable to parents while bringing up about fifteen families a-year. Rats and mice and such small deer lead lives of great variety, observation, and adventure, though precarious and mostly tragical in their ending, the poison and the steel being as fatal to them as to the enemies of the Borgias, or claimants to disputed successions in the middle ages. And, again, beneath these, too insignificant to excite the hostility or cupidity of man, dwell an infinite number of creatures, creeping and winged things, whose spacious home is the broad sunshine; so that, viewed from a favourable standpoint, every nook and corner of the world, its cellars, garrets, lumber-rooms, and all, seem to overflow with busy delight or quiet happiness.

But who would recognize in this kind and liberal mother, so lavish of pleasures to her offspring, the stern power that makes the lives of whole races sheer misery? Can any one fancy what it must be to have habitual dread forming an element of life, and transmitted through countless generations till it finds expression in habits of vigilance, of stealth, and of evasion, that we take for peculiar instincts? This power of communicating the results of experience, and of circulating throughout a whole species the fear of a known evil, is one of the most inexplicable faculties of unreasoning and inarticulate creatures. A naturalist, well qualified to form an opinion, believes, we are told, that the life of all beasts in their wild state is an exceedingly anxious one; that “every antelope in South Africa has literally to run for its life once in every one or two days upon an average, and that he starts or gallops under the influence of a false alarm many times in a day.” Our own fields and woods are full of proscribed creatures which must feel as if they had no business in creation, and only draw their breath by stealth, vanishing

in earth, or air, or water, at the shadow of an imagined enemy. In those lands of the sun where vegetation is most luxuriant, and food consequently most assured, there is yet a kind of privation as terrible as hunger. "At Koobe," says Livingstone, describing his experiences in Africa, "there was such a mass of mud in the pond, worked up by the wallowing rhinoceros to the consistency of mortar, that only by great labour could we get a space cleared at one side for the water to ooze through and collect in for the oxen. Should the rhinoceros come back, a single roll in the great mass we had thrown on one side would have rendered all our labour vain. It was therefore necessary for us to guard the spot by night. On these great flats, all around, we saw in the white sultry glare herds of zebras, gnus, and occasionally buffaloes, standing for days, looking wistfully towards the wells for a share of the nasty water." And in other parts of the African continent, when the fierceness of the summer has dried up the rivers, the amphibia, great and small, collect in uncongenial crowds in the pools left along the deeper parts of the channel; and the land animals, the deer, the apes, the birds, stoop hastily and furtively to snatch insufficient draughts from the depths where lurk so many ravenous foes. Then, in colder lands, what wretchedness does winter bring — when the snow puts an end to the livelihood of all the tribes which seek sustenance on the earth, and the frost mocks the misery of those whose food is in the marsh or the pool! The frozen-out woodcock taps in vain for a soft spot in which to insert his slender bill — his larder is locked up and the key gone. In one long frost all the snipe perished in parts of Scotland, and have never been plentiful since. Now and then comes a winter so sharp that the naturalist misses, next summer, whole species from their accustomed haunts. A rural poet, Hurd, who caught no inconsiderable portion of Cowper's inspiration, has the following passage on the condition of birds in winter, which took such effect on our boyhood as to save many a blackbird and starling from our "resounding tube," and which, on reading it again after the not brief interval now separating us from that golden time, still seems to us much more genuine poetry than many elegant extracts of far higher pretensions: —

"Subdued by hunger, the poor feathery tribes,  
Small dread of man retain, though wounded oft,  
Oft slain, or scared by his resounding tube.  
The fieldfare gray, and he of ruddier wing,  
Hop o'er the field unheeding, easy prey,  
To him whose heart has adamant enough

To level thunder at their humbled race.  
The sable bird melodious from the bough  
No longer springs, alert and clamorous,  
Short flight and sudden with transparent wing  
Along the dyke performing, fit by fit.  
Shuddering he sits, in horrent coat outsworn.  
Despair has made him silent, and he falls  
From his loved hawthorn of its berry spoiled,  
A wasted skeleton, shot through and through  
By the near-aiming sportsman. Lovely bird,  
So end thy sorrows, and so ends thy song;  
Never again in the still summer's eve,  
Or early dawn of purple-vested morn,  
Shalt thou be heard, or solitary song  
Whistle contented from the watery bough,  
What time the sun flings o'er the dewy earth  
An unexpected beam, fringing with flame  
The cloud immense, whose shower-shedding folds  
Have all day dwelt upon a deluged world:  
No, thy sweet pipe is mute, it sings no more."

The picture which follows, and which less obviously aims at exciting sympathy, is none the less effective for that: —

"High on the topmost branches of the elm,  
In sable conversation sits the flock  
Of social starlings, the withdrawing beam  
Enjoying, supperless, of hasty day."

How mournful for these poor starvelings the fact, apparently so insignificant, that the temperature has fallen below freezing point! What misery is approaching them in the leaden gloom of the north-east! And in those circles of the earth where the reign of winter is prolonged, hunger is the inseparable associate of life, lying down with it in its shivering sleep, rising with it in its gloomy waking, and tracking its footsteps always along the ice-bound circuit of its weary quest.

But if the vicissitudes of climate are fraught with suffering, so are the vicissitudes of age. The infancy of many animals is as helpless as babyhood. Few hired nurses, it is true, are so patient, so provident, so watchful, so untiring in care, as the dams, feathered or furred, who, in nest or lair, watch over their young. But then the lives of these guardians are terribly precarious, and innumerable are the orphans of the animal world. The boy with his snare or his stone — the gamekeeper with gin, or net, or gun — the watchful enemies who swoop from the air or spring from the ambush — are very apt to make the nurslings motherless. In how many an eyrie have sat gaping eaglets expectant of the broad food-bringing wings that will never more overshadow them — the said wings being then indeed outstretched on a barn-door, nailed there by that intelligent high-priest of nature, the keeper! In how many burrows starve, before ever seeing the

light, litters of young whose providers lie dead in the wood, or hang from a nail in the larder! In how many nests of sticks, swaying on the pine-tops, scream the unfeathered rooks, while the old bird is suspended as a scarecrow from a stick in the distant corn-field! Every wet spring drowns in the holes they have never learnt to quit a multitude of small helpless creatures — every storm of early summer casts innumerable half-fledged birds prematurely on the hard world to cower and scramble and palpitate and hunger, till inevitable doom overtakes them after a more or less short interval. This perilous season of infancy past, however, the youth of animals is, compared with that of man, secure and brief, and their maturity is generally free from morbid or disabling accidents. But then comes the time of old age and decay — old age such as man's would be if wanting all which Macbeth truly says should accompany it, in order to render its many infirmities tolerable — "honour, love, obedience, troops of friends." As the activity necessary to procure food diminishes, and the joints stiffen, and the flesh recedes, leaving to the bones the task of sustaining the wrinkling skin, the sunshine grows less warm, the wind more bitter; and if the worn-out creature is neither made prey of by its enemies, nor put to death (as is the instinct of many races) by its friends, it withdraws to some secret spot to die in solitude. In this unprofitable stage of existence, the protection of man is accorded to domesticated animals on principles strictly commercial. Those which are expected to pay the expenses of their keep, are pretty certain to find an execution put in by their inexorable creditors as soon as they become bankrupt to live whose existence is matter of luxury. The old bullfinch is allowed to drop off his perch in the course of nature, and to pipe his own requiem — the old parrot dozes quietly away after forgetting half his phrases, and mixing up the rest in a confusion which may, perhaps, be his way of "babbling of green fields" — the old lap-dog is recovered by medical aid out of many apoplexies before submitting to the final stroke — the old spaniel lives on to meditate on the happy hunting-grounds of the past, and perhaps to dream of those of the future; but for the old horse (unless his master be rich as well as kind) there is no interval of rest in old age, wherein to prepare for those other pastures whither he may be hastening, or to reflect on the busy portion of his well-spent or ill-spent life. Necessity generally compels the owner to make an end of a life

that will not repay its maintenance. The veteran, "lingering superfluous on the stage," asks for bran and gets a bullet; it is only his corn that he wants bruised when the knacker arrives with the pole-axe.

Perhaps no case of royalty in reduced circumstances is so sad as that of the lion in his latter days. Frequent as are, in our times, the vicissitudes of monarchs, neither the deposed Queen of Spain at Bayonne, nor the exploded Bomba in Rome, nor, to look further back, Louis Philippe appearing suddenly in this country as Mr. Smith, with a carpet-bag and cotton umbrella, is so melancholy a figure of fallen greatness as the King of the Solitudes in his old age. The first stage of his decline is marked by the inability any longer to spring on the nimble antelope, or to cope with the sturdy buffalo; and, against his better nature, the leonine Lear, still grand and imposing of aspect, and bereft of his power, is driven to watch for stray children going to the well, or old women picking sticks in the forest. It might be imagined that the sable philosophers of the bereaved tribe would regard this abduction of aged females as praiseworthy, or would at least consider the eating of them as a sufficient punishment for the offence. Not so, however; a lion once known as a man, woman, or child eater, is by no means encouraged, even in Africa, in the indulgence of his tastes; and what with constant interruptions, and the necessity for increased vigilance against his foes, he seldom enjoys a meal in peace. As his teeth fail and his joints stiffen, he is no longer able to capture the feeblest crone or to masticate the tenderest virgin; and in the "last stage of all, that ends this strange eventful history," he (as we learn from competent authority) catches mice for a subsistence, gulping them like pills, and ekes out the insufficient diet with grass. Imagine this incarnation of absolute power, this rioter in the blood of swift and powerful beasts, this emitter of the roar that causes all the hearts in the wilderness to quake, driven, in what should be a majestic old age, to pick his own salads and to turn mouser! The number of times that, with his large frame and corresponding appetite, he must perform for each scanty meal the degrading act of watching for and pouncing on a mouse, must ultimately deprave his whole character; daily he must sink lower in his own esteem; reformation and suicide are equally denied him; till, happily, the savage who comes upon his track, knowing by signs that he has been forced to graze, knows also that his feebleness is great; and finding him not far off, stretched out beneath a bush, in



the sleep of exhaustion or the torpor of self-contempt, considerably hastens with his assagai to draw a veil over the painful scene.

Were we to stop here, our disquisition would be little other than a Jeremiad — an empty lament for misfortunes without prospect of remedy — a crying over spilt milk, which would be equally foreign to our natural character and our acquired philosophy. But evil as has been the hap of the animal world, there are visible signs of hope for it. Its relations with us are manifestly and rapidly improving, and this is owing to a manifest and rapid improvement in ourselves. Whether, amid all our boasts of the progress of the species, man has really succeeded in redressing the balance of good and evil in his nature, may be a matter of unpleasant doubt. Sometimes, when a very reprehensible or lamentable failing of some vanished generation is set very pressingly before us — some horrid persecution, political or religious — some triumph of unreason — some huge injustice practised by a despot on a people, or by a people on themselves, — we being at the time, perhaps, in especial good humour with the world around us, in which those particular evils are not possible, take heart, and would fain believe that humanity is getting on. But presently, when we notice how our contemporaries form what they imagine to be their convictions, what sort of idols they worship, what kind of progress it is which is least disputable, and of which they are most proud, we lose courage again, and feel as if man were doomed for ever to revolve in the vicious circle of some maelstrom, some system inside of which all is delusion, while outside of it all is doubt. Surveying mankind with extensive view from the pre-historic ages to Parliamentary committees on education, we fancy that we see much of our gain balanced by corresponding loss, and that we have made room for many of our most valued characteristics only by discarding qualities which have rendered whole races for ever famous. As we grow more practical, we decry magnanimity — ceasing to be superstitious, we forget to be earnest — vigour, born of enterprise, is smothered in luxury — and the cuckoo science ousts the sparrow faith. But all the time, various as are the aspects of various ages, the elements of humanity remain unaltered, however disguised by their changing vesture; even as while the landscape varies, in one period a wood, or swamp, or heath, in the next a farm or a city, the central fires are still glowing beneath, and still betray their presence at times in an earthquake or a volcano. Scrape a man of science, or a man of progress, or

a man of fashion, and you still get a savage. But nevertheless, in striking the balance between old and new, there is an item that must stand to our credit absolutely, without deduction. Our relations with the races which share the earth with us are so changed, and the change is still so progressive, that a new element would almost appear to have been developed in our nature. All the authors not only of antiquity, but of modern times, down to a few generations ago, may be searched without the discovery of a dozen passages indicative of that fellowship with our co-tenants of the globe which is now so common a feeling. That the good man is merciful to his beast — that the ewe lamb of the parable drank of its owner's cup and lay in his bosom — that Chaucer's prioress was so charitable as to weep for a trapped mouse — that the poor beetle which we tread upon feels a pang as great as when a giant dies — that Dapple was the cherished friend of Sancho — are chief among the few cases which occur to us, where regard for animals is implied in the best known books of the past. Princes and heroes have had their favourites, four-legged or feathered, hawk or horse or hound, and the coursers of Achilles, the dog of Ulysses, and the Cid's steed Baveca, have their place in romance and in history; but their favour was born rather of pride than of affection, and these are but slight instances to set against so many ages of mere chattelage. But what a wealth of pleasant companionship do we now enjoy in the society of those four-legged familiars without whom no household seems complete! and how largely do their representatives figure in the literature and art of the present century! the affectionate portraiture by pen and brush being both the natural result of that kindlier feeling and the means of rendering it deeper and wider. Looking backward to the now remote beginning of the vista of life through which we have journeyed, the best-loved books of our childhood were those in which regard for animals was directly or indirectly inculcated; the indirect lesson, being, however, much the most impressive. Thus when *Æsop*, desiring to satirize or instruct mankind through the medium of animals, represents his lions, dogs, foxes, monkeys, and cranes, as not merely conversing, but delivering didactic discourses and holding political debates, it is impossible for the reader who possesses the ardent faculty of belief and the plastic imagination which are the choicest endowments of childhood, not to invest real animals with some of the faculties imputed to the creations of the fabulist. Fairy tales, too, resort largely to the animal

world for machinery, and the grimalkin on the hearth-rug rises immensely in the estimation of the juvenile student of "Puss in Boots" as a possible personater of the agent of the Marquis of Carabas, and an artful plotter, greatly superior to mere men in the devising of stratagems. The little bright-eyed nibblers behind the waincoat have something of "the consecration and the poet's dream" reflected on them by the rhymed history of "The Town and Country Mice." The solemn ape, surveying mankind from the top of an organ, or meditating gloomily in his cage in a caravan, may well be suspected of being other than he seems, considering, that, in the same form, a Calender, a king's son, was once disguised by powerful enchantment. The hare, darting from a clump of fern at the approach of the feminine intruder in white frock, blue sash, cotton socks, and bare calves, is invested with most pathetic interest in the eyes of the wondering gazer, by the recollection of that other hare whose many friends so utterly failed her in the hour of need. Far, indeed, from looking on birds and beasts as "the lower animals," the youth whose childish sentiments of wonder and companionship have been thus cultivated regards the creatures around him with affection not unmixed with respect, as the possessors of many faculties which he does not share, the thinkers of many thoughts unknown to him, the pilgrims in many paths apart from his; while nevertheless, they have so much in common with him as to constitute ground for intimacy and friendship. Children of this stamp, of whatever degree, going forth to their sports, whether on the well-kept lawn or the village green, are pretty sure to be accompanied by a dog — perhaps a skye with a blue ribbon, perhaps a nondescript cur in a leather collar, made by the paternal hand of the cobbler, — while the youngest of the party bears with him a great tomcat, whose eyes are seen patiently winking between his uncomfortably upstretched legs over the bearer's pinafores shoulder, and whose tail (from the equality in their stature) drags on the ground; and, in such cases, Vixen and grey Tom, far from being mere passive appendages to the amusements of the hour, are looked on as sage confederates, of great experience in the art of rightly spending a holiday. As a childhood of this kind merges into youth, its progressive literature still aids in nourishing that love for animals which has often been a distinguishing characteristic of the men of genius who stamp their spirit on the age. Scott's great hounds — Fang, the gaunt friend of Gurth the swineherd; Roswal,

guardian of the standard for Kenneth of Scotland; Bevis, companion of Sir Henry Lee; and Luath, beloved of the Lady of the Lake — are magnificent; and as for small dogs, has he not given to the whole tribe of Dandie Dinmonts a local habitation and a name? Bulwer's Sir Isaac is a careful and reverential study, by a great master, of a highly but not preternaturally gifted dog. Dickens has doubly and trebly proved himself a dog-fancier, by his portraits of Diogenes, the enemy of Mr. Toots; and Gyp, adored by Dora; and Boxer, the associate of John Peerybingle, who took an obtrusive interest in the baby; besides which he has devoted a whole paper of his "Uncommercial Traveller" to dogs, especially those who keep blind men, and has added to his animal gallery a capital pony and a miraculous raven. George Eliot has given Adam Bede's friend, the schoolmaster, a female dog of great merit, and has bestowed a vast amount of affectionate skill on the portrait of the ape Annibal, in the "Spanish Gypsy." Then what reverence for the wearers of fur and feathers is implied in the works of Landseer! — what sympathy with them in the popularity of those world-famous pictures! — though we could wish that some incidents had remained uncommemorated by Sir Edwin's brush, such as the fox sneaking up to prey on the dead stags locked in each other's horns, and the transfixed otter writhing round to bite the shaft of the spear, which are simply abominable. Nor, amidst the many delineators of animals who adorn the age — the Bonheurs, Ansdells, Coopers, Weirs, Wilises — must Leech be forgotten. What arrogance in his fat lapdogs, what fun and mischief and frank good-fellowship in his Scotch terriers, what spirit in his hounds and horses! The youth thus sustained in his finer tastes by great examples, enters manhood, and passes through it, in constant friendly communion with relations and dependants and associates of every kind. His horses are his trusted familiars; if a sportsman, he is cordial with his dogs, rides well forward to hounds (though never to the extreme distress or injury of his good steed), and with his whole life gives the lie to those maudlin humanitarians who insist that cruelty constitutes the pleasure of sport. His mother instilled, and his sisters share, his sympathies for the inarticulate races. How infinitely does that girl add to her attractions who thinks more of her spaniel or her collie, her superannuated pony or antediluvian macaw, than of the most cherished inanimate possession, not excepting the mysterious structure of her back hair! Memo-

ry and imagination come in to enhance affection: the old donkey in the paddock, as he approaches her for his daily crust with his exalted ears bent forward, reminds her of the childhood which she still recollects with delight, though not, as yet, with regret. The trills of her blackbird in his wicker cage, placed there because he was found in the wood with a broken wing, cause her to think of the Spring, when a young maid's no less than a young man's fancy "lightly turns to thoughts of love." The gay parrot, in its gilded palace, suggests to her, in its rich green, the foliage of tropical forests, in its splendid scarlet the flowers which glow amidst the leaves; and when its form of grace and beauty is lifeless, it is consigned to its garden-tomb with tears which well become the eyes whose glances many lovers watch for. If her acts of charity to the featherless bipeds around her are many, not fewer are those which benefit the unfortunate and the helpless who have no language wherewith to speak their complaints; and when she has children, she teaches them, as a lesson not inferior to any to be found in Dr. Watts, or Dr. Paley, or Dr. Newman, or any other Doctor whatsoever, that

"He prayeth well who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast."

We will now, after the manner of great moralists, such as he who depicted the careers of the Industrious and Idle Apprentices, give the reverse of this picture, in the horrible imp of empty head and stony heart, who has been trained to regard the creatures around him as the mere ministers of his pleasure and his pride, and who, in fact, represents in its worst form the former state of feeling respecting animals. Provided, almost in his cradle, by his unnatural parents, with puppies and kittens whereon to wreak his evil propensities, he treats them, to the best of his ability, as the infant Hercules treated the serpents, and, when provoked to retaliate with tooth or claw, they are ordered, with his full concurrence, to immediate execution. A little later he hails the periodical pregnancies of the ill-used family cat as so many opportunities in store for drowning her progeny. The fables, so dear to lovable childhood, of lambs and wolves, apes and foxes, are rejected by his practical mind as rubbishy lies. All defenceless animals falling into his power are subject to martyrdom by lapidation. Show him a shy bird of rare beauty on moor or heath, in wood or valley, and the soulless goblin immediately shies a stone at it. Stray tabbies are the certain victims of his

bull-terrier; and the terrier itself, when it refuses to sit up and smoke a pipe, or to go into the river after a water-rat, is beaten and kicked without mercy. He goes with a relish to see the keeper shoot old Ponto, who was whelped ten years ago in the kennel, and comes in to give his sisters (who don't care) appreciative details of the execution. As a sportsman he is a tyrant to his dogs, a butcher on his horse, and sitting on that blown and drooping steed, he looks on with disgusting satisfaction when the fox is broken up. Throughout life he regards all his animated possessions (including his unhappy wife) simply as matters of a certain money value, to be made to pay or to be got rid of. Not to pursue his revolting career through all its stages, we will merely hint that he probably ends by committing a double parricide; and being righteously condemned to the gallows, is reprieved only by the inappropriate tenderness of the Home Secretary.

To one who considers the subject, it will be apparent that the influences at work in favour of animals are of a nature to gain in force, and that their friends, constantly increasing in number, will end by shouldering their foes altogether to the shady side of public sentiment. It is now a very old story that a law exists for the prevention of cruelty to animals, who thus for the first time acquire a legal footing in the world. But laws are often inoperative unless it is the interest of somebody to enforce them; and as the injured parties cannot in this case apply to the nearest magistrate for a warrant, in order to help them in the matter certain worthy men and women long ago formed a Society, which is increasing in prosperity every year. Many deeds of cruelty are still done which cannot be punished or detected; but in thousands of cases which would formerly have escaped even reprobation, wronged animals now appear in court by "their next friend" (one of the Society's officers), and make the perpetrators pay in purse or person. Not only is a check thus imposed on small private atrocities, like the bruising and lashing of horses by brutal waggoners, the martyring of cats and dogs by blackguard boys, and the battering of donkeys by ferocious costermongers, but heavy blows are also dealt at such organized cruelties as the crowding of animals on rough sea voyages in unfit vessels, the transmission of others on long journeys by rail without food or water, the shearing and starving of sheep in winter, the setting of steel traps for wild creatures, and the wanton destruction of sea-fowl and rare birds. A society having the same objects exists in

France, and in that country, as well as in Australia and several states of the American Union, stringent laws protect many kinds of birds. Kindred societies with special objects have also been formed among us — drinking-troughs for animals in hot weather abound in the metropolis, and a Home has been established for Lost Dogs. No kind of animal misery is more common or more lamentable than that of these outcasts, who may be seen any day in one or other of our London thoroughfares, purposely lost in many cases by owners who are unwilling to pay the five-shilling dog-tax, though a single day's abstinence from drunkenness, or a very brief sacrifice of pleasure or comfort in each year, would suffice to retain the old companion. The first stage of being thus astray in the wilderness of London is marked by a wild galloping to and fro, with an occasional pause to gaze down cross-streets. At length, hopeless and wearied, the lost one sinks into a slow trot, occasionally lifting his hollow anxious eyes to scan an approaching face, and almost seeming to shake his head in despair as he lowers them again. Then comes the period of ravenous hunting in gutters and corners for chance scraps, of gazing fixedly down kitchen areas, of sleeping coiled up on door-steps, and of pertinacious haunting of neighbourhoods where some hand has once bestowed a morsel. All those avenues of stone which we call streets are, to the poor starveling, more barren of food than the desert, but he knows how the interiors abound in meat and drink; he knows, too, that any chance passenger, whose face attracts his canine sympathies, may introduce him to one of these scenes of plenty, and he attaches himself, for a time, humbly and wistfully, to some one whose visage hits his fancy, and who, perhaps, is never aware of the thin shadow which follows his footsteps. At last both appetite and strength have departed, the recollection of his home has become an uncertain dream, and he retires into a corner to die, unless, in some slum, the interesting family of the rat-catcher, the coster-monger, the dog-stealer, or the sporting cobbler, seizing him joyfully as their lawful prey, proceed to ascertain by experiment what capacity, not for nourishment but for agony, may be still left in him. By recent regulations the police are authorized to conduct to their nearest station these unfortunates, and to transmit them from thence to the Home at Holloway. We once visited the retreat, situated in a courtyard in the outskirts of that fashionable suburb. Our entrance was signalized by the hasty withdrawal of a number of cats,

whose stealthy profiles were presently seen on the surrounding walls, wearing all the aspect of guilty evasion, for, in fact, their enterprise had been predatory, and directed against the dogs' food. The dogs themselves, seated in rows on the floor and on benches, were few in number and choice in kind — high-bred deep-jowled bloodhounds, whose home had been the castle-yard of some great seigneur — poodles who would have been ornaments to the bench of any court of judicature — weak-eyed, pink-nosed, querulous Maltese in blue ribbons — toy-terriers in splendid collars like orders of knighthood — pugs with muzzles so short that one wondered where their tongues could be — and intelligent skyes who whined and frisked at the approach of well-clad visitors; all of them at that moment being doubtless sought for throughout London by young men of good character, in genteel liveries, whose places were endangered by the carelessness which had caused the loss of the favourites. On inquiring where the commoner sorts of dogs might be, we found that, as regarded them, the Home might have been properly described as their long home, inasmuch as all who were not likely to be claimed were immediately put to death and buried. It seemed dubious whether the animals thus permanently relieved from want, would, if consulted, regard this method of disposal as a high favour; and, moreover, so very inexpensive a provision did not seem to call for large contributions. Later inquiries, however, have produced answers describing a more favourable arrangement; and it seems that only those whose life may be considered a burthen to them are now destroyed, the rest having situations procured for them of a kind that was not quite clearly apparent to us; farmed out, perhaps, like parish apprentices, and, let us hope, at least as well-cared for.

It would seem, then, that the fancy in which we indulged at the beginning of this paper, of more genial relations being established between the dominant and the less fortunate races of the earth, is not without prospect of realization. The Societies we have mentioned may in course of time be extended till they cease to be separate societies any longer, by including all the right-minded and right-hearted of the human race, each of whom will be as vigilant as any official to prevent and detect cruelty. To lead "a dog's life of it" may come to mean universally a not unpleasant state of existence — "slaving like a horse" will denote a wholesome and moderate share of labour — and "monkey's allowance" may

represent a fair amount of half-pence in proportion to the kicks. As time goes on, the enthusiast may perhaps begin to catch glimpses of the renewal of that other period which tradition and fable point to in the past, when the close kinship existing between the articulate and inarticulate sylvan races led to a deeper mutual understanding and more intimate communion. In times when the doctrine that all classes ought to be represented in Parliament is favourably received, the next step would obviously be to elect members for brute constituencies, or at least to agitate for that result. The effect of a great cattle-meeting in Smithfield, conducted with much lowing and bellowing, and followed by large processions of horned animals through our principal thoroughfares, could hardly fail to produce important constitutional changes. A charge of cab-horses out on strike, conducted by some equine Beales against the park-palings with a view to pasturing inside, might extract large concessions from a weak Cabinet — while a monster-meeting of aggrieved dogs under the clock-tower at Westminster, howling their complaints to the moon, and vociferously invoking “a plague on both our Houses,” might be attended with legislative results not inferior to those which Mr. Bright anticipated when he advised the coercion of Parliament by a like expedient. Later, when progress shall happily have brought us to government by pure majorities, that epoch may commence which Æsop seems to hint at in the fable where the lion talks of turning sculptor and representing the beast astride of the man. Once, while pursuing this somewhat fantastic train of thought, we beheld in a kind of vision, such as visited Bunyan and Dante, a scene of imaginary retribution awaiting the human race at the hands of the oppressed. Multitudes of human beings were systematically fattened as food for the carnivora. They were frequently forwarded to great distances by train, in trucks, without food or water. Large numbers of infants were constantly boiled down to form broth for invalid animals. In over-populous districts babies were given to malicious young cats and dogs to be taken away and drowned. Boys were hunted by terriers, and stoned to death by frogs. Mice were a good deal occupied in setting man-traps, baited with toasted cheese, in poor neighbourhoods. Gouty old gentlemen were put into the shafts of night-cabs, and forced to totter, on their weak ankles and diseased joints, to clubs, where they picked up fashionable young colts, and took them, at such pace as whipcord could extract, to St. John's

Wood, to visit chestnut fillies. Flying figures in scarlet coats, buckskins, and top-boots were run into by packs of foxes. Old cock-grouse strutted out for a morning's sport, and came in to talk of how many braces of country gentlemen they had bagged. The fate of gamekeepers was appalling; they lived a precarious life in holes and caves; they were perpetually harried and set upon by game and vermin; held fast in steel traps, their toes were nibbled by stoats and martens; finally, their eyes picked out by owls and kites, they were gibbeted alive on trees, head downwards, when pole-cats mounted sentry over them, favouring the sufferers with their agreeable presence till the termination of their martyrdom. In one especially tragic case, a corpulent and short-sighted naturalist in spectacles dodged about painfully amid the topmast branches of a wood, while a *Mias* underneath, armed with a gun, inflicted on him dreadful wounds. A veterinary surgeon of Alford was stretched on his back, his arms and legs secured to posts, in order that a horse might cut him up alive for the benefit of an equine audience; but the generous steed, incapable of vindictive feelings, with one disdainful stamp on the mid-ribs crushed the wretch's life out.

Though these visions are but such stuff as dreams are made of, yet, nevertheless, is their fabric not altogether baseless. Besides the signs which we have enumerated as indicating that the relationship of the tribes of the earth with the human family are more conscientiously recognized than of old, animals have lately achieved the important success of acquiring their own especial organ in the press.\* We do not mean that animals perform the part either of editor or contributors to this periodical — we wish they did. What a poem would the ostrich write with his claw on the sand of the desert, and how priceless, compared with the verses even of laureates, would be the transcript thereof! “*Mes Larmes*, by a Crocodile” — sensational, no doubt, beyond French or English precedent, excelling Sand, or Sue, or Braddon — would, as a serial, make the fortune of any magazine. Could the lion translate for us that far gaze of his, which, disregarding the Sunday visitors in front of his cage, is fixed on some imaginary desert horizon — what extract from ancient or modern poetry could compete with it? What a variety of subject and of style would thus open on us, far be-

\* “The Animal World. A Monthly Advocate of Humanity.” Published by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 105 Jermyn Street.



yond the diversities of human authorship — lyric, epic, dramatic, descriptive — defiant outburst and passionate lament — life in innumerable phases, domestic, romantic, gloomy, rapturous, cynical, and cheerful! Even without such aid we constantly, though unconsciously, acknowledge their kinship with humanity. The fox, the bear, the bee, the eagle, the lion, the hog, the serpent, the dove, are all types of men and women. Prophetic language calls the worm our sister; and a philosopher of these times defines the Frenchman of the Revolution as a "tigerape." We have ourselves heard an indignant lady characterize a too insinuating swain as "that crocodile;" and lately, at a civic feast abounding in calipash and calpee, we observed, or fancied we observed,

that many of the guests combined, as in Byron's line, "the rage of the vulture" with "the love of the turtle." And do we not stand in almost humiliating relation to the inevitable crow, who spends so much of his valuable time in imprinting his autograph on the corners of all our eyes, seeming thereby to mark us for his own? Deeply impressed with the closeness and reality of these connections, and deriving no inconsiderable share of the pleasure of life from our keen sense of them, it has been to us not only a pleasure but a solemn duty, often postponed, indeed, but never abandoned, thus to break ground in the corners of a great subject, and to record with pride the sentiments of affection and respect which we entertain for OUR POOR RELATIONS.

From Fraser's Magazine.

#### PRINCE CHARLES'S CAVE IN SKYE.

GUARDED by the serried shoulders of the black and sea-worn boulders;

Curtained by the dripping limestone from the melancholy shore;

Echoing with hollow rumbling what the ancient billows, tumbling,

(To the ancient breeze replying) say and say for evermore;

Bare and desolate and dismal, cold and dark, a cave abysmal,

This is but a scurvy Palace for a Prince by Right Divine!

This is but a sorry hansel Fortune's life-long debt to cancel,

O thou heir to disappointment, first-born of the fated line!

There (thy form in fancy tracing) restlessly I see thee pacing

Up and down and back and forward, back and forward, up and down.

Sure the fairest Rachel's dower may be toil too long and sour!

Sure there may be price too heavy, though for purchase of a crown!

Did not once and twice, and often, in the hours that quell and soften,

In the long uneasy watches when Mistrust and Fear are born,

Thoughts with little of the stoic, thoughts unkingly, unheroic,

Throng like bats unbidden round thee, 'twixt the midnight and the morn?

"O the bed I might have been in! mattress, blankets, pillows, linen!

With a cosy glow of embers thrown on curtain, wall and screen!

O what years of regal splendour from the future I'd surrender

For one hour of homely comfort, to be warm and dry and clean!

"Why, to please these headstrong, jealous, vain, impracticable fellows,

Who with such profound devotion drag and push me here and there,

Must I drop the cup of pleasure, turn from peace and polished leisure,

Love and youth's delights forego, and lead this life of hunted hare?

"Then this bloodshed, how distressing! Can my rule be such a blessing

That 'twill quite repay my people — ay, or quite repay myself?

Why not slip from vain contention, give it up and take a pension?

After all, the stupid country may prefer this stupid Guelph!

"But I needs must be romantic! like some poor unlicensed antic

Who at fairs, in crown of pasteboard, struts it on his hasty stage,

Till the inevitable beadle cuts his reign off in the middle,

Breaks his sceptre 'cross his back, and claps him in the vagrant's cage."

Yes, within that open prison suchlike thoughts must oft have risen

In those hours that link the hero to the dull ungenerous clown,

While 'twixt forms of plaided sleepers, faithful ruffians, guards or keepers,

Cold and restless thou wert pacing back and forward, up and down.

B. R.

## PART VII.

## CHAPTER IV.

THERE was once upon a time a certain philosopher who, by the mere exercise of his will, could die whenever he pleased; could put himself into a state of trance, during which his soul, like all living souls, retained its own individuality, but wandered at large into infinite space and infinite time, where there are no special conditions of life and energy; where there are no parts or atoms, but all things are merged in one vast whole. We realize much the same kind of sensation whenever we enter the great city of all great cities.

In every other place we live. Every other spot of earth has an individuality of its own; and when we are in any other spot than this, we also have ours, consciously felt by ourselves and recognized by those about us. Every other place is a place of traffic, of pleasure, of history, of study, of torpor, or of some one of a hundred other things, as the case may be; and every inhabitant of it is more or less in keeping with its characteristic quality in an understood and appreciated degree—in a word, can feel himself, and feel and be felt by others, so as to have a separate existence from the mass. But London has, of all places in the world, the power of absorbing existences, and of merging them in its own. It is more a city of pleasure even than Paris; more of traffic than New York; more of history than Rome; more of study than Oxford; more of torpor than Dene-thorp. And it is all this, and the opposite to all this, and a great deal else besides, at one and the same time. No one can possibly feel his own individual existence. On entering the universal city he is lost in the whole, like a rain-drop in the sea; like the soul of Hermotimus in the soul of the universe itself.

Doubtless it is a glorious sensation, even though it may considerably diminish our self-conceit, to quit the small for the great; to exchange our own narrow bodies for the vast body of humanity itself. But it is not quite so glorious a sensation when this vast body, as multifarious in its aspects as Proteus himself, chooses to assume to us its most evil guise; when it wears the aspect of infinite hunger and of infinite cold. Then a man would fain still farther imitate the philosopher in question by recovering once more his separate, his individual life, however narrow and confined it might be, and however miserable; for it is better to feel, if starve one must, that one at least starves as a man, and not as a mere atom

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of a vast starving machine. It need scarcely be said that Félix was not among those to whom a return to his old life was possible. He had chosen to follow his fate to London; and now he must drain whatever cup he might find there, whether of gold or of gall, and whether he chose or no.

Certainly luck had so far been against him; for his present position could not be called altogether the result of imprudence. Had the theatre not been burned, he with his few wants and solitary manner of existence could have lived on as well, in a pecuniary sense, as he had lived in Paris, and have dreamed of future fame and thought of Angélique as well here as there. As time went on, too, his position would doubtless have improved, for he was really a skilful and promising musician; and if merit seldom "succeeds" by its own force, it seldom altogether fails. But now he was, by the destruction of the house at which he was engaged, entirely thrown out of work; for engagements are by no means so plentiful as those who require them—at least they were not in those days, whatever the case may be now. Besides, he had of course long since spent the small sum of money that he had brought with him from Paris. He had saved nothing; he had lost his violin; and he had made no friends who could be of any assistance to him.

Of course there were many others worse off than he. He was not burdened with a wife and a dozen children; he was not in feeble health; he was not seventy years old. Surely, he thought to himself that night, as hundreds and thousands of young, healthy, and unburdened men have thought before him, there must be some way of getting a living, even if in order to do so he should have to desert his profession for a while; and before he fell asleep, as he did, and soundly, he had come to grieve for his violin, not as for a good instrument, but as for a dear friend; for its own sake, that is, far more than for the daily bread which it represented. None but the artist can tell how dear to the heart that mysterious thing called a musical instrument may be which use and association have endowed with what seems like sympathetic life; with a soul made up of all the fancies and all the passions and all the thoughts with which its strings have trembled since it first was made to speak. But there is consolation in thinking that a not inglorious death has saved what we love from danger of desecration: whatever might prove to be the fate of the master, the soul which his hands had made was safe among the stars. And, now that he was put to it, and with this thought for

a consolation, after all, he came to think also, there are many worse hindrances in the way of winning the world's battle than that of having nothing to lose. Must not the man inevitably conquer who has to choose between victory and death? With Angélique true to him, what would he not do? Love and the instinct of self-preservation — the poetry and the prose of life — came to his aid, and filled him with the full courage which is the last thing that a man should lose. Nor did the morning bring about a reaction.

But, alas! courage, youth, health, and independence are not talismans. Even they united, cannot without external aid obtain employment at a day's notice; nor, very often, for a great many days. And then Félix had disadvantages. He could scarcely speak English, and he had lost the only instrument that he knew how to handle. And so, after three or four days of ineffectual search and exertion, he began to feel his courage ooze away with his physical strength. Love and fame indeed! He was fast reaching a condition in which he would forfeit the highest throne in the palace of art, and Angélique to boot, for bread, and yet be neither the worse artist nor the worse lover. "*Omnia vincit amor*," say the poets; but they are wrong, as those who have known what the word hunger really means know well. *Omnia vincit fames*, they should say; only it would not be pretty — and, besides, it would not scan.

After all, to say this is not to prove so guilty of treason to romance as might at first be thought. In these days Love has ceased to hold a monopoly of romantic material. Poverty competes with it on terms which, to say the least of it, are fully equal; even as the story which the winter forest has to tell, which brings no tears indeed, but fills the heart with barren desolation, is to the full as effective as the song of a spring flower. Hunger, as the handmaid of poverty, has a romance of its own — and a terrible one too.

There is a well-known natural impulse that leads men to the scenes of their great disasters as well as to those of their great crimes. Thus it happened that, after having spent the greater part of the next day in aimlessly wandering about the streets, Félix, towards evening, found himself once more in front of the *débris* of the theatre. Nor did he find himself there alone; for the impulse that had brought him thither had brought many of his companions in misfortune to the same spot. He conversed with several of them, and more than once had occasion to regret on their account — though

not, as yet, for a moment on his own — that he had refused the charity that had been offered to him last night. The very few shillings that he had still about him were very soon his own no more; and he began to long for the purse that he had scorned. While talking with one of the most unfortunate of the victims of the fire, and thinking this very thought, he felt a slap upon his shoulder; and on looking round suddenly and rather angrily, saw the easily-remembered form of Barton himself, as fresh from his hearth-rug as a child from its cradle.

"Why, man alive!" said the latter, "do you mean to say you've been standing on this very spot ever since yesterday?"

Félix, wholly unversed in English types, and remembering the incident of the purse, not unnaturally took Barton for some eccentric millionaire. It is true that the man was shabby in appearance; but then there is nothing incompatible in general seeliness with millionairism — rather the other way. If a man is particularly well dressed, it is far more likely that he carries his capital upon his back than when, by carelessness about dress, he implies that he has no need to cultivate personal appearance. So he made him a polite answer, and, in the course of a conversation that followed, took occasion to explain to him the case of his companion. In a trice, Barton's hand was in his pocket, which, it will be remembered, contained just ten guineas besides the contents of Mark Warden's purse. In another second it was as empty as when he left Shoe Lane. The unfortunate scene-shifter stared at the gift, as well he might; but, not having the same scruples as Félix, did not for a moment refuse it. He was about to express his gratitude, when Barton interrupted him.

"Damn you!" he said, fiercely, "if you say a word I'll pitch you among the bricks. Come," he said to Félix — "come and drink. That infernal prig Warden made me mix my liquors last night. A bad habit, that; it makes one so dry in the morning. What shall it be? The customary small beer? Or what do you favour on such occasions? I myself always take a hair of the dog." So saying he took Félix by the arm, and led him to a bar close by, to which the fire had brought a considerable increase of custom.

Barton asked for brandy, and made his companion have some also, whether he would or no. Then he had some more. Then he entered into general conversation with the other customers, and treated them liberally, never forgetting himself. At last he put his hand into his pocket in order to pay.

"By the daughters of Danaus!" he said to Félix, "cleaned out again! Just lend me half-a-crown, will you?"

Félix felt in his, also; but he knew beforehand that the search would be in vain, and so it proved.

"No good, is it? Never mind. Just step outside; and, when you see me come out, do as I do. Tom — another go."

The barman turned to execute the order; and scarcely had Félix passed the door when Barton dashed out at full speed, calling him to follow. He did so mechanically, until his new friend, having dodged round several corners, suddenly stopped, and broke out in a boisterous laugh.

"Give me your hand," he said; "we're brothers, though you *are* a Frenchman. I always swear brotherhood with a man whose pockets are empty. Bad policy, no doubt; but I never knew a good fellow yet who hadn't empty pockets, or a man with empty pockets who wasn't a good fellow, in one way or another. I think we gave them a good view of our heels just now. Well, well — it won't hurt them for once; I've paid them many a long score in my time. But I say, old fellow, I am positively cleaned out. My name's Barton, — called Dick Barton by his few friends, and something else Barton, which I won't tell you, by his many enemies — of whom some say he is himself the worst. But that's neither here nor there. What's yours?"

"Félix Crévile."

"All right. I like to know what a man likes to be called. For the rest, the fewer questions one asks any man the better. Where shall we go now? I feel prodigiously inclined for a steak; but my credit's run dry just now. How are you off for that useful commodity?"

It was lucky for Félix that he was quick at guessing, for Barton's English was not well suited to unpractised foreign ears. "I know no place," he answered.

"I thought every fiddler got tick as a matter of course — as drunk as a fiddler, you know, all over the world; that's because a fiddler can get his liquor for a tune, and can drink all day long if he likes for nothing. But, as you don't know any place, we must use our wits, that's all. One can't stand here for ever. Talking of standing, a good thought! Let's take to the road."

"To the road?" asked Félix, puzzled.

"Yes; cry 'Stand and deliver!' — gentlemen in distress, you know — ha, ha, ha! Claude Duval was your countryman, wasn't he? Any way, Turpin was mine — and a namesake too, by the way. Which shall it

be — Hounslow or the Scrubbs? Any way we shall be safe, whichever way we go. '*Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.*'"

Certainly if Félix had at first fancied that he had found a millionaire, he was sufficiently undeceived. But his heart also was apt to warm to an empty pocket; it certainly warmed towards one who had shown himself so free-handed when his pocket had been full.

"I am myself without a *sou* — without a penny," he said, "and I do not know how to get one. And I must leave my lodging; my landlady will need to be paid. But I have yet a piece of bread in the cupboard, and perhaps part of a sausage —"

"Well, you *are* a good fellow, though you do call yourself a gentleman! I consent. I'll eat half of your bread and a quarter of your sausage; for needs must when the devil drives. And then, why, we'll go forth and conquer or die, like brothers in arms. What else have you got besides the bread and sausage?"

"Nothing."

"I don't mean to eat, you know. A watch, for instance?"

"No."

"Nor I. Furniture?"

"No."

"Nor I. Books? No? Nor I, bar my old Horace — but that's to be buried with me. But, damn it, man, you must have something. How many shirts have you?"

Félix stared considerably, and coloured also — for his wardrobe was by no means extensive. "How many shirts?" he repeated.

"Yes, how many shirts — more than one, I mean? Two?"

"I have two."

"*Bene!* One more than I have. Good condition?"

"Nearly new."

"Then, *Optime!* My one is not by any manner of means. What else have you?"

"Some music —"

"Not worth a straw."

"A hat —"

"Not worth two straws. Hats never are. Well?"

"A valise —"

"That'll do!"

"And that's all."

"And your violin? Ah, I forgot. That fire last night was like Mantua — *nimium vicina Cremonæ*. All right. One valise, one shirt — that'll serve for to-day, with strict management; and hang to-morrow! Where do you live?"

The question was a breach of the etiquette that considerably treats as a sacred

mystery the dwelling-place of a man who has confessed himself to be without what is even more necessary than a dwelling-place. But Félix answered it.

"Come, then. Let us first consume the bread and sausage. What luxury ! to keep two whole shirts all at once. Lead on. I am devilishly ready for that bread and sausage. Well, well, such is life ; grilled bones and port last night, to-day a mouthful of sausage and — porter. Positive yesterday, comparative to-day, perhaps to-morrow superlative — who knows ? Any way, I suppose that at least the comparative goes, as you say in France, *song dire* ?"

"I am afraid it does not, though. I have shown you the limit of my hospitality."

"Then a mouthful of sausage and thirst. For your noblest element, as some philosophic ass called it, I have a certain dislike that I cannot overcome ; or rather, I have such reverence for it that I would put it to no such profane use as that of drinking. I shall die, sir, as my grandfather before me."

"And how was that ?"

"Sir, my grandfather was an honest north-country farmer, who entertained that reverence for water which I inherit. I may say, in passing, that I inherit nothing else, except the name of Barton. He was a fine old fellow. I was not born in Lilliput, as you see ; but he would have beaten me by a head and neck. One evening, after market-day, he was thrown, or possibly he fell without being thrown, from his horse upon the road, face downward. He was perfectly conscious, however, and found that his face had fallen upon a rut, in which lay two tablespoonfuls of yesterday's rain — just enough, in fact, and no more, to cover his lips and his nostrils. Sir, in order to breathe as freely as you or I, he had only to suck up that water and swallow it — it would not have been more than half a mouthful. But no. 'Not a drop of water have I drunk these sixty years,' he says to himself, 'and I won't bring shame on my grey hairs by beginning now.' Sir, the consequence was that he was literally drowned in those two tablespoonfuls of water, a martyr to principle. I hope I shall not choke myself with your sausage ; but if I do, may I not prove unworthy of my descent from my great ancestor. And so — but here we are."

After having disposed of the contents of the cupboard, Barton took the valise and the shirt to the nearest pawnbrokers. Presently, he returned, threw down a shilling or two upon the table, and then, by their side, set two bottles of brandy that he had

procured with the remainder of the few shillings that he had raised.

"And now," he said, "we'll make a night of it !"

#### CHAPTER V.

It was in company with this strange specimen of a tribe of Bohemia with which Parisian experience had not brought him in contact, that Félix was introduced to those extreme depths to which allusion was made in the last chapter. That men do somehow manage to exist in those depths without actually drowning is certain ; but how they do it is a mystery even to themselves. At one time they only had one coat between them, so that when one had occasion to go out, the other had to stay at home. For income, Félix managed to earn a few shillings from time to time by copying music, and Barton displayed great genius in the borrowing of half-crowns ; but then the latter were generally absorbed by brandy before they reached the common purse. At last even this unsatisfactory method of supply came to an end ; for the world will not keep on lending half-crowns for ever. The most intimate friendship will not stand it ; and Barton was not a man who made intimate friends. And then the brandy began to run dry also ; and then Barton having slept through three miserable days, without eating or speaking, woke up, and said —

"I say, old fellow, this will never do. I've stayed with you because I liked you, and because you offered to share your last bite with me, and because I thought I could help you up again ; and here have I been knocking under to this damned liquor, as usual. It won't do, and shan't. You're a damned good fellow, and I'm a beast — that's the fact. So I've been thinking what could be done. I thought I might go back to Cambridge and take pupils — I don't suppose they've forgotten my iambs there yet. But then I know I should infallibly come to grief there again, just as I did before ; and, upon my soul ! I don't think I could stand the place now, any more than the place could stand me then. So then I thought of literature. I've done a little in that line already ; and I know I could do well enough if I could only stick to work. So let me have the coat this morning, old fellow. I'll go and call upon a man I know at the 'Trumpet,' and one or two places. I must get hold of a nip of brandy somehow, just to screw me up to my day's work, or else I shouldn't be able to say a word to any one ; but, bar that, I swear I won't touch a drop for another three days —



unless it's absolutely necessary, as it is now."

In this way did he talk when he was sober. But as soon as he did get some work from the "Trumpet," and had been paid for it, not another stroke of work would he do till the coin was spent, and he had slept himself sober again.

But editors and publishers, used as they were to this kind of thing in the good old Grub Street days, still could not be expected to stand it any more than other employers of labour when it prevented the labour being done. Barton's work was admirable, and even excellent; but he soon began to find that less and less was required of him, until at last he found himself once more on his last legs, and once more with nothing to drink.

Félix meanwhile toiled like a slave, and sought for toil like a free man. But though the want of energy and self-command, which in Barton amounted almost to a disease for which he could not be held responsible, are doomed to fail, it does not follow that sobriety and industry, and willingness both to find work and to do it, are doomed to succeed. Félix was overwhelmed by the destiny that had mated him with such a companion. Why, then, in the name of that destiny, did he not free himself from the burden of one who had no claim upon him, any more than he upon Barton? They were a strange pair to find themselves in this situation together. It is true that both were Bohemians—but this was the only similarity; and Bohemianism is not a quality that makes all who profess it necessarily brothers. And yet these two, diametrically opposite as were their characters and circumstances, in all respects save one, had now been living together for weeks as though they had been far more than brothers—that is to say, as though they had been friends. At first, no doubt, Félix had been to a certain extent passive in the matter, and had rather submitted to than sought the companionship of a man whom he could not in the least understand. It was not likely that the French musician, who knew nothing of the world save its artistic side, and that in an un-English fashion, could comprehend, far less appreciate, one to whom the artistic side of the world was wholly non-existent; who classed all musicians under the generic title, which he always used contemptuously, of "Fiddlers;" whose whole soul seemed to be absorbed in Greek, of which his companion had no knowledge—and in getting brutally drunk, with which he had no sympathy. Still he not only endured this comradeship, but

could not help feeling a sort of real affection for the comrade in his difficulties whom chance had given him. Besides, every man has his follies; and Félix, most assuredly, had great ones. For instance, he knew perfectly well, that, had Dick Barton actually been the millionaire for whom he had at first taken him, as many of the million pounds as he pleased would have been his own; and that the same would have been the case had it been a question of sharing, not a million pounds, but two farthings. So he committed the folly of taking the will for the deed. Again, it was part of his Bohemian gospel that a man is quite justified in turning his back upon a prosperous friend, but that to desert even a chance comrade when he is down in the world is as base a thing as a man can well do. So he committed the wild folly of standing by Dick Barton, as he felt sure that Dick Barton stood by him in point of goodwill. And so it was he had in effect, to strive his best to make work, which was insufficient to support one, support two—if, indeed, Barton can be held to count for no more than one. As for Barton's motives, who can or need ascribe motives good or bad to such a man? And, after all, far stranger relations between men spring up than this—not, perhaps, in respectable society, where they associate according to form and rule, but certainly in that vague and ill-defined outside world in which they go against form and rule by preference.

But still, bravely as Félix toiled, and bravely as Barton talked of toiling, it was not long before the two friends fell into so deplorable a condition, that a day or two at most must inevitably see them numbered among the lodgers of the *hôtel à la belle étoile*.

"I say, old fellow, this will never do," said Barton once more, as he instinctively reached out his hand to where the bottle of brandy ought—or rather ought not—to have been.

Félix looked up from his copying. Assuredly no one could have recognized in the worn face, with its pale colour, sunken cheeks, and dim eyes, the development either of the peasant of the Jura or of the Parisian art-student. His coming to London had proved a wild-goose chase indeed, and something worse.

"The London press is in the hands of idiots," Barton went on. "I could conduct it all single-handed ten times as well as it is conducted now; and they know it. And yet they won't throw me enough work to keep body and soul together. The fact is, I'm too good for them. I should rout out

their dammed cliques, and frighten the fools out of whatever they have in the place of their wits. The fact is, a man should never be quite so clever as his employers, and I'm a long stretch cleverer than mine. Upon my soul, I think I shall enlist; and if I get run through or knocked on the head by one of your damned Frenchmen — why, so much the better for Dick Barton. 'Here lies Dick Barton, who never did anything because he did everything too well — *Nepioi, oude isasin hosu pleon hemisu pantos*;' that'll do for an epitaph. By the way, I've got to go to the theatre to-night."

"The theatre?"

"Yes — for the Trumpet. 'To such base uses may we come at last!' I, who have criticised Sophocles, am now to criticise Jones!"

"What is the play?"

"Hell knows. Something musical — that's all I know. But I've got the bill somewhere."

"Musical — and they send you?"

"That's the very reason, I suppose. If it had been a new edition of Sophocles they'd have sent it to you. But, after all, what does it matter? A tune's a tune, and a song's a song, I suppose."

"Not quite, I should say."

"Well, I confess I never saw any difference between one tune and another. But it can only be asses that read musical criticisms; and it's easy enough to tickle their long ears somehow, so that they mayn't find out one's ignorance. That's my whole theory of the matter."

"And a very detestable one too."

"Not at all. Cast not your pearls before swine, as somebody or other says somewhere. But it's time I was off. Where's the coat? — oh, blast it!"

No wonder that he began to swear, for the coat, which had once been the undivided property of Félix, required the most tender and delicate handling to adapt itself to the big frame of Barton; and now, with a sudden cry, as it were, it split from tail to collar, and became an undivided coat, in any sense, no more.

Barton first looked ruefully at the result of his attempt, and then burst into a loud laugh. The misfortune was serious, but was not, at the same time, without its comic element.

"There!" he went on; "what in the devil's name is to be done now? One can't get mine out of pawn to-night, that's certain — nor to-morrow, unless I write this review. I know — give me one of those pens, and a scrap of your paper. The music-paper will do — it'll look all the better.

I'll give you another lesson in the art of criticism."

He placed the play-bill before him and began to write with his usual rapidity.

"There," he said at the end of about half an hour, during which Félix had been wearily proceeding with his copying — "There, I think that'll do for the swine. Just see that I haven't made any technical blunders, or called anything by a wrong name."

So Félix read, "— *Theatre*. Last night this house re-opened under the able and enterprising management of Mr. Green —"

"A manager is always able and enterprising," interrupted Barton, "just as a critic is always able and impartial. That's only common form business. Go on."

"For performances in which the highest class of music is to hold a distinguished place."

"That's a quotation from the bill. Go on."

"With this view we are glad to find that he has engaged the services of that eminent Parisian composer, Monsieur Louis Prosper' — *Grand Dieu! Prosper! Est-il possible?*" And Félix leaped suddenly from his seat.

"Why, what's wrong?" asked Barton. "It's all out of the bill, so far."

"Wrong? On the contrary it is all right! Here — give me the coat — fasten it together anyhow — I go to the theatre instead of you."

"What — and write the review?"

"Bah! Never mind the review; that'll keep now. You may be an 'able and impartial critic;' but you touch not that which regards Louis Prosper."

"What — is he a friend of yours? Is he good for half-a-crown?"

"For something better, I hope, than your half-a-crown!"

And so, from his bare and miserable garret, without a shirt to his back, which was covered only by the rags of what had once been a coat, but which now consisted of little more than rents and pins, the Marquis de Croisville went forth to apply for aid to the Jew fiddler, who was at that moment ruling his orchestra with a jewelled hand.

#### CHAPTER VI.

NEITHER, therefore, of the lovers of Mademoiselle Angélique Lefort was just now in a flourishing condition, inasmuch as one was within an ace of starvation, and the other had a bullet in his body, at about as inconvenient a season as can well be imagined.

Mr. Prescott, Lieutenant Mountain, Cap-

tain Seward, and the surgeon himself, who had acquired considerable experience of gunshot wounds, not only in the Peninsula and the Low Countries, but in such more accessible and scarcely less instructive places as Chalk Farm and Wormwood Scrubs, were unanimous in thinking that Hugh Lester would never open his eyes again.

Those were not the days when mere bare human life, even if bought at the price of honour, was considered among those who did regard honour as being of any very great value in itself; and had such an opinion yet acquired its full force, none of these four, who had seen death in many forms, would have necessarily been much, if at all, affected by the sight of one dead body the more. Not one of them would have refused to risk his own life in a similar encounter a hundred times if necessary. Prescott had killed his man at least once before; and the other three had seen death wholesale, in the hospital and in the field. Not one was in the least likely to be troubled with morbid misgivings about the termination of any meeting between gentlemen, however lamentable it might be. But, nevertheless, not one felt very much at ease with himself just now. It was not good to see this young man, who but a minute ago had been full of health and high spirit, with a long and prosperous, and, to all appearance, happy life before him, suddenly sent out of the world for having been guilty of an excess of chivalry. Remorse is of course too strong a word; but certainly Mr. Prescott did feel that his satisfaction had been unsatisfactory. He would not indeed have retired from the contest even in order to recall his opponent to life, for to give up a contest was not in his nature; but he would willingly have paid a great many thousand pounds, and, as men go, it is something to be willing to do even so much; and, if one has the great many thousand pounds to give, the will to give them is a great deal more than something.

In fact, he did what he could by accompanying the unconscious form of his late opponent to the public-house which was not far off, and where it was laid upon a bed until it should be removed to Earl's Dene. Then he went away with Lieutenant Mountain; for, though he had no serious consequences to apprehend for himself, it was still necessary that he should at least leave the immediate neighbourhood for the present.

It was of course upon Captain Seward that devolved the most difficult duty of all — that of telling Miss Clare that she was

now childless indeed. He would rather have been the principal in any number of duels; but it had to be done; and besides, he had in his keeping those last five letters of his own principal, of which one was for her. So he drove himself, not too quickly, back to Earl's Dene, and asked to see Miss Clare privately.

In all the world there is no more formidable task than to have to tell a woman of the unexpected death of one whom she loves. At all events Captain Seward thought so now; for he had never seen Miss Clare before, and did not know how she took things — that is to say, whether she would faint or scream, or merely burst into tears.

"Miss Clare," he said, with as much sympathy as he could manage, "I am Captain Seward of the — at Redchester, you know. Could you prepare yourself for news — you know — most painful — in fact — if you could — it would be better."

She bowed, as a sign that she was ready to hear it, whatever it might prove to be.

The gallant Captain began to stammer again. At last,

"Damn it, madam," he burst out; "my friend, Hugh Lester — there has been a meeting — and —"

Miss Clare neither fainted nor screamed nor burst into tears.

"You mean a duel?" she only asked, though in a fever of fear.

"It couldn't be helped, indeed, I assure you. I did my best — as his friend you know — but —"

Miss Clare stepped forward, and grasped the mantel piece, partly to support herself — partly because her hands needed to clutch something.

"And he is dead!" she said.

Seward remained silent, and only hung down his head. Thus he did not see that violent grasp of the hand, nor the trembling of the lines of the mouth, which belied the hard coldness of the words which he heard.

"I need not ask if he was in the right, or how he behaved," she continued in the same strange tone, after a pause.

"Admirably."

"Then —"

She said no more, but only showed by a slight gesture that she wished to be alone.

"What a monster of a woman!" thought Captain Seward to himself as, having silently laid the letter upon the table before her, he left the room and the house. But he was wrong, as he would have owned could he have read her heart. It is the calm and stern woman who is to be pitied when a sudden blow falls upon her far more

than her who is able to find relief in hysterics. Unfortunately, however, this is not the order in which compassion is bestowed; and men forget that the fullest heart is always the last to overflow.

"Am I never to expiate my sin?" she thought bitterly. "Am I ever to prove a curse to those whom I love most?—and Hugh——"

Then she did break down; and Captain Seward would have called her monster no more. But she was one who would have died rather than shed a tear in the sight of a stranger. Reserve with her was both a habit and an instinct, even in grief; which is often the case with those whose pride is genuine, and not mere affectation. It is terribly pathetic, this proud modesty of soul, which is ashamed even in the sight of sympathy.

Of course the ill news had reached Earl's Dene of itself as soon as, if not before, it had been brought officially by Captain Seward. The external coldness of Madam Clare was certainly not imitated either by her guest or by her household. On the contrary, the one, without giving herself time to think or to realize, rushed to the side of her hostess, and the others into the wildest confusion. The kitchen amply made up, in the matter of hysterics, for what was wanting in the drawing-room. But Miss Raymond's impulse to console her friend was balked. Madam Clare was invisible even to her. She was reading the letter that Hugh had addressed to her before he fell.

It was a dreadful revelation to her, from which not even her infinite sorrow could take away the bitterness of disappointment; and when she learned, as the reader will have guessed, that her nephew was still living, her infinite joy was unable to make her forget what she had felt in her sorrow.

And so it was for this that she had toiled and taken much thought, and done her duty in her station, and made friends and foes, and fought hard, and spent the wealth of her affection, which was none the less plentiful, because the treasure-house was old—for this, that the glory of Earl's Dene should pass into the hands of a girl little above the rank of a servant, who intended to go upon the stage, and who was a Frenchwoman and a Papist to boot! She was quite as prejudiced now as she had been in her rather wild youth: it was only the direction of her prejudices that was changed. And then, too, she was unconsciously put out by finding that the penetration of which she was so proud had been at fault all along; that she had been suspecting Marie, while the true enemy had been Angélique. But worst of

all was the feeling that Hugh himself had deceived her in the matter.

It was not that, like some mothers, she foolishly and vainly grieved at finding out that she held only the second place in her son's affection. She was much too wise and sensible for that. On the contrary, she wished to see him married before she died, and she wished him to choose one whom he could love. But then she was much too fond of managing everything and everybody, not to wish to manage that most important matter with her own hands. If Hugh had only seen fit to fall in love with the heiress of New Court, she would have been more than satisfied; and this for several reasons, one of which was altogether new.

An election in those days was not a cheap amusement. No one except Mr. White and Madam Clare had the least idea of what had to be spent upon the contest for Dene-thorp. Of course it had been the policy of the Yellows to make it a battle of purses, seeing that that of their champion was on the whole the best supplied; and Miss Clare's, though long, was not inexhaustible. Her unencumbered estate had for the first time to learn what is meant by a mortgage; and the thought vexed Miss Clare's soul, who had set her heart upon leaving it to her heir in as free a condition as she had herself received it. Now New Court "marched" with Earl's Dene. Even had the owner of the former not personally been an eligible match, the two properties seemed made to be married; and how could the pecuniary wounds received during the contest be more satisfactorily cured?

So much for the state of Miss Clare's mind during the weary time that passed while Hugh lay in the delirium of the fever caused by his wound, and utterly incapable of taking the least interest in what was going on among either his friends or his foes. Of course Miss Raymond quitted Earl's Dene as soon as possible, and carried off her companion with her, who left Dene-thorp willingly. Nothing more could be done there now; and, should Hugh finally recover, the letter that had been delivered to her by Captain Seward would prove by no means a bad card in the game that she was playing with Fortune and Miss Clare.

Meanwhile, in spite of Hugh's condition, his friends by no means slackened their exertions in his behalf. On the contrary, they worked all the harder for their wounded chief, out of whose bullet they coined plenty of telling points. Of course, Warden now came to the front more than ever, if possible; and at last, when the day came, to the

surprise of none but to the frantic disappointment of many, the poll closed with an undoubted majority in favour of Mr. Lester. Thanks mainly to the doctor's son, Earl's Dene had held its own.

But still it was a tame and unexciting end to that long and exciting canvass. Neither candidate was present to make his final speech: to chair the conqueror in his present state was of course out of the question: and the beauty, fashion, and royalty of Earl's Dene put in no appearance. Mark Warden from the balcony of the King's Head had to receive on the part of his friend both the cheers of the Blues and the rotten eggs of the Yellows.

Now, it will doubtless be remembered that the partisans of the latter colour formed the strongest mob, and that they included the mill-bands almost to a man. Under a system of universal suffrage Prescott would have been returned triumphantly. It may, therefore, be readily imagined that, although Mark Warden represented the victor, the rotten eggs were far more plentiful than the cheers, seeing that the losing was the popular side. Had Hugh Lester been able to show himself, and had Alice Raymond been there to fill the market-place with the glory of her smile and of her blue ribbons, and had Madam Clare had the good sense not to accompany her, the Yellows would, in all probability, have taken their beating pretty well; for they liked Hugh personally, and the smile of a pretty girl has its influence even with a mob. But as things stood, smarting as they were under the sting of defeat, deprived of any ordinary way of letting off their rage, and with no spectacle of triumph to amuse them, the beer with which they were filled to repletion turned sour, and things began to look ill for the peace of the town.

But an English mob is slow to ferment. So long as Mark Warden was endeavouring from the balcony to thank the electors of Denethorp in the name of his friend Mr. Lester for having stood so well by Church and State, and to congratulate the town generally upon its new representative, his hearers contented themselves with drowning his voice in a torrent of groans for himself, for Lester, and, above all, for Madam Clare, and of cheers for Prescott, and by assiduously pelting him with eggs, potatoes, and the other missiles in use on such occasions, till he was obliged to make a final bow and retire. But, when this little piece of vengeance was over and there was nothing external to itself to engage its attention, the crowd was thrown upon its own resources.

It is rather a strong remark to make about anything, seeing how many hideous things there are in the world; but still, on the whole, it may fairly be said that the most hideous of all is an angry mob. It is literally a thing, or rather a monster; for it ceases to be made up of men with distinct personalities of their own. Even in the dullest and quietest of places an angry mob at once takes the guise of its fellows in the great cities of the world. All are alike — alike in stupidity, in madness and in brutality; and while an English mob is certainly not worse than those of other countries, it is certainly not better — except in the matter of garlic. Now the Mayor of Denethorp happened to be a man of sense, and, not liking the look of things — for he had heard that the malcontents of Denethorp had been reinforced by some roughs from Redchester and by some more dangerous roughs from B — itself who had scented carrion from afar, with the strange instinct of their kind — he sent an express to the Redchester barracks to ask for the loan of a troop of dragoons for the night, and then went home to entertain some of the leading conservatives at a dinner of triumph and congratulation. Mark Warden did not remain to enjoy his hospitality, however, but hurried off at once to Earl's Dene. By degrees all the respectable inhabitants of the place had left the streets; and the worse portion of the crowd was left to itself.

After a few drunken fights had taken place, a few black eyes been given, and a few of those who dared to wear the colours of victory knocked down and well kicked and trampled upon, the signal for mischief was given by a very small boy, who, for mere fun, threw a stone through one of the windows in the front of the King's Head. In another minute the inn had not a window left unbroken. After this glorious achievement the mob, with a cheer of triumph, marched into the High Street, and performed the same operation upon the shops and houses at first of those who were known to be Tories, and afterwards indiscriminately. At the end of the High Street it turned to the left, and soon afterwards, finding itself in front of Mr. Warden's house, repeated the performance upon its windows also, including that which Lorry had at last remembered to have mended only the day before. The brass plate was of course torn off, and far greater damage would, in all probability, have been done, had not some one in the crowd suddenly cried out,

"To Market Street! Let's knock up Lester's French drab!"

It was a suggestion exactly calculated to



charm a mob already heated with easy triumphs. To attack a young girl and a weak old man is exactly the sport in which such a Hydra revels, when its blood is well up. With an evil shout and a final discharge at the house of the surgeon, who was dining with the mayor while poor Lorry was trembling in the coal-hole, the crowd turned, and almost ran to Market Street.

"Twenty-three!" called out a dozen of its voices, and it stopped.

But the hospitality of the mayor had by this time been broken into by the news of what was going on in the town. He was by no means a man of commanding presence, nor did he possess too much courage; but no one could say of him afterwards, as has sometimes been said of mayors on similar occasions, that he did not at all events try to do his duty like a man. He had already sent a second express to Redchester, to hurry the dragoons; and now, attended by many of his guests, he gained the window of a house opposite to No. 23 by entering through the back-door, and attempted to make himself heard.

But it was not likely that he should succeed in doing what Mark Warden had failed to do. His second word was drowned by a yell, and by a crash of stones upon the house of the bootmaker who was so unfortunate as to have the Leforts for lodgers. The situation was so dangerous that the mayor retired from his exposed position, and small blame to him.

But Monsieur Lefort came forward to his own window. Mrs. Price had been far more formidable to this French gentleman than all the *canaille* of the town could possibly be. He turned very pale, indeed; but it was because of the insulting shouts that reached Marie's ears as well as his own. Having sent his daughter, who, brave as she was, was certainly not too brave to tremble, with the two children into a back room, he went straight to the window and displayed to the crowd below the barrel of some ancient weapon of the blunderbuss order.

As an answer to this piece of bravado went up a roar, half of anger, half of laughter; and then a stone went up also, sufficiently well aimed to hit the old Frenchman on the shoulder.

The sting of the stone roused up the spirit of combat in him who felt it. Hitherto he had been a gentleman defying *canaille*, and a father defending his children; but now he was a Frenchman who had received a blow. He retired at once from the window, but it was only to fill his weapon with powder and ball.

"Let's rout out the lot of 'em!" cried some one.

The mob answered with a confused burlesque of the shouts of the hunting-field, and a charge was made at the street-door of the house, which, barred and bolted as it was, could not resist the rush for long. In a minute or two it gave way, and the two or three men who were immediately pressing against it were sent flying into the entrance passage, and, in a second, trampled under the feet of their followers. The shop was soon in the wildest disorder, and a few of the invaders, eager for mischief, were beginning to mount the stairs. Marie was on her knees, praying to saints and angels with all her strength; the bootmaker and his wife had followed the example of Lorry.

Suddenly the sound of a shot was heard, and then a cry from the street.

Marie sprang from her knees in wild alarm; and the mob was hushed for an instant into silence. But only for an instant; for in another there went up to the skies such a roar as Denethorp had never heard. Stones flew like hail and at random, many recoiling upon the heads of those who threw them. Meanwhile not a few of the rioters, discontented with the barren mode of attack, rushed into the house itself, and were, little by little, and step by step, forcing those who had already entered it up the stairs. It seemed only a question of time whether the second story itself should be reached; whether Marie's own room should be invaded by this horrible tide.

It was a terrible moment. But, thank heaven, "when bale is hext, boot is next"—so it is always. The longing ears of the Mayor were at last gladdened by the sound of the galloping of hoofs upon the hard pavement, and by the ring of steel. In another instant, the end of the street that opened upon the market-place was filled with a welcome vision of shining helmets and scarlet coats and drawn swords.

"Halt!"

The sharp word of command rang through the street, and the coward heart of the Hydra shrank and shrivelled. Captain Seward, who was in command of the troop, leaving his men where they were, rode forward alone through the crowd, as coolly and carelessly as if it had consisted of so much brushwood, towards the house where the Mayor was beckoning him from the window; and not a man opposed his passage. It is nonsense to say that an English mob has any peculiar respect for the law. But it has a peculiar fear of the law when reminded of its strength by the sight of a sword or a truncheon; and this goes far to supply the

want of respect. Before the officer had reached the door the street was empty.

All was well, then, after all, except for the breaking of glass—and, as his son-in-law was a glazier—well, it's an ill wind that blows nobody good!

So thought the Mayor, as he shook hands with Captain Seward. But so did not think Marie.

Poor Monsieur Lefort, too proud to leave the window, had been struck on the temple during that last wild storm of stones; and, when she emerged from her own room, she found him dead.

#### CHAPTER VII.

HUGH's wound had left him in a very feeble state of convalescence, so that he was now just in that condition which a woman, however much of manliness she may have in her character, is likely to fix upon as giving her a good opportunity for bringing a man to task, and in which a man is no match for the weakest of women. For it is impossible to rebel against an affectionate nurse, even were it not a trouble; and, when a Madam Clare is the nurse, and a Hugh Lester the patient, the impossibility is more impossible still.

"Hugh," she said to him two or three days after he had left his bed, "you must have been expecting me to talk to you."

He summoned up all the energy that Mr. Prescott and two doctors had left him among them, for he knew what was coming.

"I hope," she went on, "that your illness has given you an opportunity for considering?"

He waited for her to continue.

"At least, if you have not considered, I hope you will now."

"I have considered it," he said.

"I am glad of that. And now we shall understand each other once more."

"Aunt," he answered, "I am afraid you do not understand."

"But you had considered the matter, did you not say?"

"I have," he said gravely—he had become very much graver of late, independently of his illness—"and—I am not changed."

"What? Is it—can it be still possible——"

"Am I not engaged to her?"

"Engaged! You must be infatuated."

"But what objection?——"

"What objection? I wonder you can ask such a question."

"She is a lady."

"No, Hugh—she is not a lady; and, if

she were, that has nothing to do with it. I cannot argue such an absurd question."

"My dear aunt——"

"No. I do not call her a lady who has acted as she has done."

"And how has she acted? What has she done?"

"Hugh, your folly goes beyond all bound."

"I will not argue with you, aunt. You do not know her."

"Nor do you, it seems."

"But even if I did not trust her, as I do, and even if I did not—love her, she has my word. And now, too, that she has no friend but me—now that she has lost her only protector, and lost him on my account——"

"Is the successful candidate bound to marry every girl who loses her only protector in an election riot? Surely you are talking the wildest folly. You cannot love her—it is impossible. It is a boy's fancy, of which you ought to be ashamed."

"It is no boy's fancy, aunt. And it is a question of honour, too. I could not give her up, even if I would."

"Oh, Hugh—remember that we are mother and son. If you did but know——"

She took his hand in hers, with a greater show of affection than he had ever witnessed in her. Tenderness is a better weapon of attack than pride; and he was moved.

"My dear aunt—my dearest mother—I do know—I do remember. But I know also that I am doing what is right, and that you will acknowledge that I am doing what is right in the end. You cannot ask me to give up, to break my word to her I love when she is most helpless. In this I cannot obey you, nor could you wish me to. In everything else——"

"Yes," she said, excitedly, "in everything but in what concerns the most important step in your whole life—in everything but just where I require your obedience most! That is not trust—that is not obedience. Hugh, if you persist in this folly of yours, we cannot be as we have always been; and I shall care about nothing any more. If you have a right to choose who shall be your wife, I have a right to choose who shall be my daughter. Decide between her and me. I will speak no more about it now; and I pray that you may see things in a better light."

And so the conversation ended for the present, leaving Miss Clare angry and her nephew exhausted. Neither recurred to the subject for some days; on the contrary, both studiously avoided it. But the truce was hollow, and both alike felt that the

great struggle was to come. Miss Clare was perfectly sincere in saying that she would be infinitely distressed by a breach between herself and her nephew: she would have been right had she said that it would have rendered her heart-broken. It would be far better for her that he had died than that they should become estranged. But to give way was a thing of which she was incapable. She had never given way to anybody in her life; and it was much too late to begin now, whatever distress her obstinacy might cause herself or any one else. Besides, she thought with equal sincerity that it was her bounden duty not to let Hugh and Earl's Dene go to the destruction that she was sure must spring from so gross a *mésalliance*.

"Hugh," she accordingly said to him a day or two before he was to leave for London, "I suppose you will be seeing Alice Raymond again before very long?"

"Oh, I shall call there at once, of course. Have you any message for her?"

"I will give you a letter for her. What a dear girl she is! I got quite to look upon her as my other child."

Hugh let this pass, and said nothing.

"She will make an admirable wife — and she is so unspoiled and unaffected. So different from most other girls."

Hugh began to hum a tune mildly.

"Do you not think so, Hugh?"

"I think she is a charming girl indeed, aunt."

"It is not every day that one finds a pretty girl so natural and so amiable — so good. How delightful it would be if you took it into your head to ask her to be my daughter indeed. But perhaps you have taken it into your head already? If so —"

She spoke almost appealingly, and with a forced smile. Hugh felt the weight of her suggestion, in spite of its having been made so wholly without tact; for, as has been said, he felt to the full the influence of all family and social traditions, and it had always been the part of Earl's Dene, like "*Feliz Austria*," to increase itself by marriage. But he was now under the influence of something much stronger than family and social tradition.

"But the lady herself might have something to say to that arrangement," he answered, as lightly as he could.

Miss Clare's face brightened a little, with a faint ray of hope.

"Nothing unpleasant," she replied. "I do not fancy that you, at least, would find the lady of New Court very cruel."

He saw that his manner had somehow

given her a wrong impression, which it was his duty to correct at once, especially as it was evident that her suggestion had been made seriously and in full earnest.

"Aunt," he said, gravely, "you know that such a thing is quite impossible."

"Indeed I do not know it. Why should it be impossible? You are both nearly of an age, both of nearly equal position — the advantage being yours in both cases — you both have the same tastes, you like each other — why in the world should it be impossible?"

Hugh was silent; but his silence expressed his thought only too well.

"You do not mean, of course," she went on, in a low and constrained voice, "that you are still indulging in any folly about — her servant?"

"About Miss Lefort, you mean? I do not consider it folly."

Miss Clare was silent in turn. The inevitable battle was about to begin.

"What you say is impossible," he continued: "I cannot ask Miss Raymond to be my wife. I am not free; and I would not be free even if I could."

"And" — this scornfully — "can you possibly imagine that I should open my arms and receive Miss Lefort as a daughter?"

"I had hoped so — I hope still that you will."

"You have lost your senses. I will not see you acting so madly without doing what I can to prevent it. Earl's Dene shall never come to this girl."

Hugh understood this threat — for it was nothing less than a threat to himself — perfectly well. But he was nothing if not chivalrous. He certainly could not give up Angélique now; and even Miss Clare felt that by her last speech she had managed to put herself in the wrong.

"Aunt, I am indeed sorry that you are so prejudiced against Angélique — against Miss Lefort. But when a man's whole happiness is concerned —"

"That is nonsense. A man's whole happiness does not depend upon such things, although a boy may think so."

"Mine does, however."

"I did not think you were such a slave to your fancies."

"This is not a fancy."

"You are determined, then."

"Quite."

"Then listen, Hugh." The tears forced themselves into her eyes. "I am not angry with you. Of course I know perfectly well that I have no real right to prevent your marrying a beggar out of the street, or worse; but I have a right to object to know

your wife, and to do with Earl's Dene what I please. As long as nothing happens I shall be the same to you as I have always been; but if I hear of your committing this wicked folly, I will see you no more, and the place must go to strangers. No—not to strangers: Alice Raymond shall in any case be mistress of Earl's Dene. It will not be the first time of its going from woman to woman. Now we understand each other, I hope?"

"My dear aunt, let the land go as it will. But let us be friends." He was not eloquent by nature, and he was moved more than he cared to show.

"We cannot, as long as you persist in your folly."

"Then—if it must be so——"

"Say nothing, Hugh. Think quietly of what I say."

"I have thought."

"I cannot think so. I will never mention this subject to you again, and hope never to hear it mentioned. I am not angry, as you see; but I am quite firm."

So ended the second conversation, in which Miss Clare had certainly proved that tact was anything but her strong point. Nevertheless, her policy had not been un diplomatic. She knew enough of Hugh to know that he was too honest to let Angélique marry him in ignorance as to his circumstances and prospects, and enough of the world to feel pretty certain that Angélique would not marry him if she was not left in ignorance about them. Her threat had been aimed at Angélique rather than at Hugh; and she doubted not but that it would at once drive her enemy from the field.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

It is always as well at least once in the course of a long story, to take a short retrospect of how things stand, especially when changes are imminent, and when, as in the present case, the process can be managed in very few words.

Angélique, then, was now betrothed to two men at once, neither of whom she could be said to love, in any sense of the word, and from neither of whom could she hope to get much worldly benefit, seeing that her first lover was still only a struggling musician, worse off than he had ever been, and that her second ran a very fair chance of being disinherited for her sake. Hugh Lester, now member for Denethorp, had to choose between Angélique on the one hand, and Earl's Dene on the other, with a very strong bias in favour of the shadow over the substance. Madam Clare had to de-

cide between the loss of her son—for such he may fairly be considered—and the sacrifice of her own nature; and Mark Warden between love, duty, and honesty on one side, and the success in life which was his idol—that is to say, himself. The unlucky Félix seemed fated to be unhappy; and Marie——

But Marie is to some extent the heroine of this story, at least *pro tempore*; and yet, in the course of seven chapters, headed with her name, she has scarcely once appeared.

What in the world was she to do, with those two poor children dependent upon her, with a bad reputation in the only place that knew her, and with a husband that was no husband? She could not remain in the town after what had happened, that was certain; and where was she to go? Warden could not yet acknowledge her as his wife, for he must then resign his fellowship, and, as it were, own that he had obtained it and kept it on false pretences; and, besides, he had no other means to help himself, much less her. Nor could she live with him as his mistress, which, for the present, would have been an obvious solution of the difficulty. She would not have done so even had he proposed it to her, as he did not. And even, keeping his fellowship, he could do but very little for her. He *must* manage to get to the bar; and that he could not do, at the soonest, in less than a long five years—it was not so quick and easy a proceeding as it is now—during which he would have to defray the expenses of his legal education and to support himself as a gentleman. Literature, and such illegitimate aids to the law student, were not in his line; and he was too practically wise to permit himself to stray from the plain, hard, straightforward style of work which had paid him so well hitherto. He knew that, if he wished to succeed in the profession that he had chosen, he must spend the period of his apprenticeship in learning it. And so it was plain that, even if he lived with strict economy, he should require in effect the whole of his income for himself. When he had paid a hundred pounds to the special pleader in whose chambers he intended to read, another hundred for his chambers, his furniture, his books and other expenses incidental to his student life, and another hundred—he could not reckon it at less—for his clothes, his food, and his daily expenses, it was plain that it would be absurd to talk of leaving a margin in his three hundred a-year, at least for the present. He might borrow a little money on the strength of his income, it is true; but he would not be able to do so except upon

hard terms, and he was much too sensible to eat all his cake at once. And so Marie must needs do something to keep herself until better times should come in the far-off future, to feed, clothe, and educate the children, and to aid Angélique in bringing herself before the world, which would doubtless welcome such transcendent genius with open arms. There, indeed, Miss Raymond would doubtless prove useful; but even Miss Raymond, kind and generous as she was, could not be expected to support a whole family. Monsieur Lefort had left nothing behind him but his debts.

And so, after much talk with Warden, who certainly was honestly anxious to do all he could for her from his own point of view, it was decided that she also should pass through the trance of Hermitism and become another drop of water in the great city, in order to attract to herself as many smaller drops in the shape of pupils as possible. Let not her husband, however, be blamed overmuch. The sacrifice of his whole career by a man for a woman's sake is one which no one in the world has a right to expect from another, even if he himself is one who is capable of making it; nor is it by any means certain that such a sacrifice — romance apart — is one that a man is even justified in making under almost any given circumstances. Whatever is best in the brain and in the arm of a man is not his own to put under the feet of a woman; it belongs to the world; and sacrifice is quite as often the consequence of cowardice and of weakness as of strength or of courage. The whole world was open to Warden now. Great things were expected of him by others, and he felt himself capable of doing great things; and he had just gained the influence of Earl's Dene to help him to do them. All this, all the purposes of his whole heart and life he would have to forfeit by a premature acknowledgment of his marriage, or even by privately treating Marie as his wife; and he would have to commit worse than suicide by settling down into the life of an obscure country parson for the remainder of his days. It does not even follow that he would gain with his parish and his wife the consciousness of having done his duty, or that if he did, such consciousness would afford him the least satisfaction, for conscience is always much more ready to sting than to console. The leopard can change his spots sooner than one like Mark Warden can change his nature; and a life of repose, spent in the fulfilment of uncongenial duty, would, with him, simply mean a life of vain longing and lasting regret. Marriage, once more, is not the

life of a man as it is of a woman; and, when a man sacrifices himself and his true life for its sake, it seldom happens that either his life or himself is worth very much.

At the same time, to prevent any misconception, it ought to be added that a sense of duty consecrates all things; and that the higher form of love, or rather of sympathy, which so few can even understand, comprehending as it does all things, is more than worth the sacrifice of them all, and does more than consecrate any act that is committed in its name. But with these remarks Mark Warden has nothing to do; and it is only made to fix a limit to the scope of those which do refer to him. His was not the nature of a martyr to duty, far less was he capable of the higher love. In this respect he resembled so many that it is impossible to blame him without blaming the world at large. He had talent and energy, but not genius, and it is only genius that can afford to sacrifice itself and yet live.

And yet it may be that in spite of all this the reader may insist in setting down this man, who was determined to make the most of his talents, as a selfish and cold-blooded creature, altogether beyond the sympathy of all brave and honest men, and his apologist as at best but a devil's advocate. So be it. His defence has been made; and if it has failed, so much the worse for him. Marie, at all events, never thought of blaming or doubting him. Whatever might become of her, he must be my Lord Chief-Justice before he died. She, too, was a little ambitious — for him. Of herself she had never thought since she was born.

There are some things upon which it is, almost, if not quite, too painful to dwell; and one is the parting of a woman from the home in which she was born, when she leaves it both for the first time and for ever. It is equal in its intensity to grief for the dead, and draws forth as many tears. And it is about the most unselfish and the purest of all sorrows. When Marie had to leave Denethorp — where, since she knew no other, her life had not on the whole been the less happy because it had been dull and poor and solitary — this natural grief was rendered the more poignant by the fact of her having to bid farewell to her native place with a stained reputation — for in places like Denethorp, when a good name is once breathed upon it is gone for ever — and of her father having died without learning the one secret of her life. This thought was the bitterest of all. How often will it be necessary to speak of the bitterness that



lies in the words "Too late"? It is, indeed, impossible without it to speak of the daily life of any man or woman under the sun.

Far less is it necessary to speak of the visit of the Coroner to that house in Market Street to which we must now at last bid farewell, or of the judicial inquiry into the riot and the murder at Redchester, where Marie had to appear as a witness. Warden's heart was filled with pity, and with a return of the old passion, when he saw how this girl, so dependent upon others as she was by nature, strove to bear all things, and how, for his sake and for the sake of the children, now wholly dependent upon her, she did somehow contrive to bear it all. Had it been a time to speak freely of anything but of trouble and sorrow, even he must have been impelled to declare himself her protector. But he did not do so; and at last the final wrench was made, and Marie woke from the night-mare in which she had been living since the election to find herself in London lodgings with Ernest and Fleurette, ill, indeed, in body, but supported by the feeling that she must not dare to give way. And, after all, to know that her husband was within three miles of her was something.

Of course, for present needs, she was not absolutely penniless, for Warden, with all his claims, was not unable to prevent that. Miss Raymond, too, was generosity itself. It might be thought, too, that Miss Clare, under the circumstances, would have done something to help the orphans; but, as has been said, if she loved her friends, it was with an almost perfect hate that she hated her enemies, and it was among the latter that she included the Leforts. Nor did her mistake about Marie in the least affect her prejudices. And yet she was a good woman too; and the worst of it is that it is precisely good women who are most subject to the tyranny of prejudices of this nature.

Still, in spite of the help that she received, it was very evident that Marie would have to work hard, not only for her own daily bread, but for that of Ernest and Fleurette. Had she been alone, she might have thrown herself vaguely upon the world as governess or companion; but this, with her "incumbrances," as the advertisements say, was out of the question. She must become a mother to her brother and sister. Her views, formed under the advice of Warden, into which Angélique apparently entered — though doubtless for private reasons — were these: that the latter should place herself under her old master, Monsieur Prosper, in order to become a public singer, for

which purpose it would be necessary that she should quit the service of Miss Raymond — this, perhaps, was a rash step, but then genius must not be lost at any price — and that the two cousins should meanwhile form one household with the children, and maintain it by means of the daily pupils whom they hoped to obtain through the recommendations of Angélique's late mistress. But still all this was very vague and uncertain at the best, especially as Marie herself was so utterly ignorant of the world, while Angélique was used to luxury, and would have to devote herself rather to study than to earning money, which must for the present be the duty of the former. Nevertheless, it seemed the least unpromising plan that could be adopted.

Monsieur Prosper was quite willing to receive back his old pupil, and to undertake to do what he could for her. But he was not so pleased for the sake of Félix, who had heard nothing of her now for a long time; and so he took care neither to mention her to him nor to let them come across each other at his lodgings. But one day Dick Barton, who was reading the "Trumpet," said:

"So I see they've hanged that man at Redchester for the Denethorp riot. Poor devil! I daresay it was only his fun after all — and he only mistook his man. If they had only potted my friend Warden, now, he might have had his joke, and been knighted on the spot into the bargain, if it was the fashion to treat men according to their deserts."

Félix was no reader of newspapers, but the word "Denethorp" struck his ears. He questioned Barton, and learned from him all that was known to the country at large about the Denethorp riot, the murder of Monsieur Lefort and the trial of some of the rioters, of whom the Government, being determined to make an example, had caused two to be hanged, — in the teeth, it must be owned, of very doubtful evidence. But then political trials in those days were political with a vengeance.

Of course Félix cared nothing for that — he cared only for the matter so far as it regarded Angélique. Now that the return of Monsieur Prosper had enabled him to walk the streets in decent clothes, he, the very next morning, called at the house where Miss Raymond stayed when in town, and inquired after Miss Lefort. But the gorgeous footman who opened the door to him, and felt insulted, no doubt, at having had to leave his own occupations for such a purpose, only told him that Angélique was no longer there, and either would not, or

could not, give him any farther information on the subject. His appearance was anything but creditable in the eyes of his informant, or rather non-informant, who snubbed him as a gentleman in livery so well knows how to snub a fellow who is out at elbows.

But it was inevitable that he should find her out before long. The next time that he called he asked to see Miss Raymond herself, who easily remembered him as the deputy of Monsieur Prosper at Madame Mercier's. He made his own desire to obtain pupils and engagements in London his ostensible reason for seeing her; but he managed easily to learn all that he wanted to know about Angélique, and her family and her circumstances.

It was a terrible shrug of the shoulders that Monsieur Prosper gave when Miss Raymond made inquiries of him about Félix, and expressed herself willing to become his patroness also. But, seeing that Miss Raymond's patronage was worth having, he could not deprive his friend of the chance

of obtaining it; and so, much against his will, he gave Félix the best of characters, both from an artistic and from a moral point of view.

"After all," he thought to himself, "I am not the fellow's guardian; and if he didn't go to the devil in this way, I have no doubt he would in another. But I'll never pick up a wayside genius again."

It need not be said that, for his part, Félix had flown on the wings of love, as the phrase goes, to the house where the two girls were lodging. But neither was at home, so that his patience had to be exercised once more. By the time that he reached his own room, however, he found a note that, to him, was full of exciting matter, although it was only a request from Miss Raymond that he would attend a "*soirée musicale*," as she chose to term it, that was to be given at the house in Portman Square the very next evening. A great *prima donna* was to sing, and Mademoiselle Lefort was to make a sort of private *début*.

From The Sunday Magazine.  
THE CHORISTER.

THEY say my voice is very sweet,  
And very fair my face, they say;  
Then am I somewhat less unmeet  
To magnify Thee day by day.

For day by day the Minster bells  
For matins go and evensong,  
And then the living organ swells,  
And ribbed roofs the note prolong;

And underneath the holy sound  
We march into the carven stalls:  
O there my heart as on the ground  
In rapturous adoration falls.

The people love to hear me sing,  
I see them rock in ecstasy;  
It is a very blessed thing  
If I can raise their hearts to Thee.

I always love to praise Thee, Lord;  
I cannot sing to show my art;  
I could not sing the solemn word  
Except I felt it with my heart.

For when I pour the anthem clear,  
From all the spaces of the air,  
I seem unearthly songs to hear  
That rise and mingle with me there.

And when I put my surplice on,  
I often think I see almost

The folk that sing Trisagion,  
And white robes of the holy host.

My playmates rather shun me now,  
For I don't always care to play;  
They say there's something in my brow  
That makes them fear and look away.

I try to keep my spirit clean,  
But oh I feel it is not so,  
And oft my sight of things unseen  
Is darken'd by my sin, I know.

But when I go to Heaven above,  
I then shall see Him face to Face,  
And for the fulness of that love  
Corruption cannot find a place.

I cannot always here below  
Sing out Thy praises as I would;  
The music will not always flow  
As unto Thee it ever should.

But there the singing will be grand,  
And I, I hope, shall know that song  
The pure alone can understand;  
Let me not wait, LORD, very long.

A. J. MASON

ACCORDING to correspondence from Beyrout, M. de Saulcy has been compelled to leave Syria and abandon his explorations on account of the indisposition of his family.